THE
Debauchee:
OR, THE
Credulous Cuckold,
A
COMEDY.

ACTED at His Highneſs
The Duke of *York's* THEATRE.

Licenſed, *Feb.* 23. 167$\frac{6}{7}$.
ROGER L'STRANGE.

LONDON:
Printed for *John Amery*, at the *Peacock*,
againſt St. *Dunſtan's-Church* in
Fleet-Street. 1677.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a *WOMAN.*

WHo can enough the Stages Fate deplore?
From men of ſence, (our Patrons heretofore,)
By whom, (becauſe all was well underſtood,
In our worſt Plays, ſomething was ſtill thought good,)
To you the taſtleſs judging Tribe we fly,
Who treat our beſt with that ſeverity,
You never know, where 'tis the Wit does ly;
Poets do juſtly your dull Cenſures ſcorn,
Men of your parts, for us alone were born,
Your Natural parts, which ne're would fail to Charm,
Did not your Damn'd acquir'd ones do you harm;
To pleaſe our Sex, you queſtion all that's writ,
You Sham, Clinch, Quibble, Cant, and Counterfit,
And ſomething fain you'd ſhew, might paſs for wit,
While folly can alone our wiſhes hit.
Half Fools 'tis true, like half Wits, aukward prove,
But a good thorough Fool, all Women love.
Mark but the uſe of Fools, which is't you want?
A quiet Husband? or a free Gallant?
You have him, but a Wit is ſuch a Tool!
Fit to make nothing, till he's made a Fool,
And that's about the Buſh, which to prevent,
We'll kindly take you ſuch as God has ſent;
Then be adviſ'd.——
And this dull ſtrife for wittineſs give ore,
Ground your ſmall merit on a juſter ſcore,
Leſs of ill Witt, and of good Breeding more,
From France *you bring us Noiſe, inſtead of Sence:*
Inſtead of Courage, ſaucy Confidence;
With antique Dreſſes, and Impertinence.
One eminent Grace does in that Land abound,
Manners, which you ſweet Sparks have never found:
Manners, in theſe refin'd, though ill-bred Times,
Like Chriſtian Charity amongſt Divines,
Would make Attonement for a world of Crimes.

You'd

You'd be ſo welcome here, would you but ſit
Like Cyphers, as you are, and grace the Pit,
Well dreſt, well bred, we'd never look for Wit.
But you come bawling in with broken French,
Roaring out Oaths aloud, from Bench to Bench,
And bellowing Bawdy to the Orange-wench;
Quarrel with Maſques, and to be brisk, and free,
You ſell 'em Bargains for a Repartee,
And then cry, Damn 'em Whores, who ere they be.
For ſhame from theſe Barbarities remove;
If you'l be rude, in War your roughneſs prove,
Or at ſome hours 'twill be allow'd in Love;
But you with all wrong qualities endu'd,
Are too too civil, when you ſhould be rude.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

Actors

Actors Names.

Lord Loveleſs, —— *Gallant to Mrs.* Saleware.
Sir Oliver Thrivewel. ——
George Careleſs, —— *His Nephew.*
Mr. Saveall, —— *Friend to Sir* Oliver.
Tom. Saleware, —— *A Citizen.*
Watt, —— *Man to Mr.* Careleſs.
Sim, —— *An old Butler to Sir* Oliver.

The Lady Thrivewell, —— *Wife to Sir* Oliver.
Clara, —— *her Siſter in Love with Lord* Loveleſs, *diſguis'd like his* Page, *and call'd* Bellamy.
Mrs. Croſtill, —— *a rich young Widow, in love with* Careleſs.
Mrs. Phebe Gimcrack, —— *Miſs to* Careleſs.
Betty, —— *Maid to the Widow.*
Cloſett, —— *Houſe-keeper to Sir* Oliver.
Alitia, —— *Wife to* Saleware.

A Servant Maid.
A Prentice.
Two Chair-men.
A Footman.

Scene, *London.*

THE

Secure London.

THE Debauchee; OR, The Credulous Cuckold.

Act First. Scene First.

Enter Careleſs *and* Watt.

Carel. WAtt, have you deliver'd the Letter, as I order'd you?

Watt. Yes, Sir, I have to your Uncles Friend Mr *Save-all*, but he ſays, he has made your peace ſo often and to ſo little purpoſe, that he now abſolutely deſpairs of a Reconciliation between you.

Carel. But then thou ſhouldſt have told him, I wou'd not take that for an anſwer.

Watt. Then he wou'd have anſwer'd me, Let your precious Maſter take his courſe, for he is like to have no better anſwer.

Carel. Couldſt thou not tell him again, that I have taken all the Courſes, a young Gentleman can, to maintain himſelf like one; but they are all run out, and I have not one trick to manage, and may periſh unleſs that damn'd Uncle of mine, ſet me up again, nor know I how to arrive to that but through his Interceſſion.

Watt. Puh, Sir, then I know what he wou'd have told me again, and muſter'd up all your Vices: then that this ſame Uncle (ſo deſpis'd a thing) before he diſcarded you, had releaſt you out of Priſon, within the ſpace of Thirteen months, a Dozen times.

Carel. Well, Coxcomb, that was not once a Month then. Why

ſhou'd he upbraid me with it? I am ſure 'twas I that ſuffer'd for't, and ſo you might have told him.

Watt. Yes, and then he wou'd have anſwered me, that your extravagant courſes have coſt your Uncle at leaſt Fifteen hundred Pounds, and upon your laſt debauch (when he reſolv'd never to concern himſelf for you again, about a year ago) he caſt another Five hundred Pound after you, with this Proviſo that you ſhou'd never trouble him any more; and at laſt finding you incorrigible, he Marry'd on purpoſe to diſinherit you.

Carel. Ay, that damn'd Marriage has ruin'd me—— but, damn it, let it go, and let my Uncle go to the Devil, and let *Save-all* go, and be damn'd for a Cynical Aſs as he is.—— I confeſs he has by his formal Solicitation, made up breaches between my Uncle and me, at leaſt a Score of times, what a Devil had it been for him to have try'd his Intereſt for me once more?

Watt. I wiſh you wou'd conſider what is to be done, for your own ſake, beſides you ought to take ſome care of me your Creature, that have ſtuck to you through all Fortunes, to maintain and keep up your Gallantry, and think in time before theſe Cloths are worn out, for you'll find it ſomewhat difficult to Equip your ſelf again.

Carel. I care not, I will not give my ſelf one Minutes trouble about it, I'll rather dye here in New *Alſatia*, or ſell my ſelf a Slave to the *Galleys*. Conſider quoth a?—— what ſhou'd I conſider?

Watt. Conſider your poor Whore, Sir, for ſhe (as you have manag'd her) is in a worſe Caſe than your ſelf; her Cloths grow ſomewhat ſhabby.

Carel. Ay there's it, I wou'd willingly do ſomewhat for her, but how the Devil knows.—— Have I not already done all that poſſibly can be done by a diſtreſſed hopeleſs heir?

Watt. Has the Die quite fail'd you, and all the Cheats that thereupon depend? Your *Marrabone* bowling Booties forſaken you? your Tennis-Court Betting? your Cock-Pit Cozenages too? and all your Arts of borrowing?

Carel. All, all Arts are quite confounded.

Watt. I wonder your Father ſhou'd leave you nothing to live upon but Wit, and that not for life.

Carel. Hold thy peace;—— I am contriving a way how (tho it coſt me my life,) to diſgrace my Uncle.

Watt.

Watt. There's a Plot! I beſeech you think of your poor Whore, Sir —— what do you think will become of her, if you ſhou'd caſt away your ſelf?

Carel. Thou knowſt I muſt leave her once.

Watt. If you cou'd leave her handſomly —— and betake your ſelf to other Women.

Carel. To other Women? what to do? to empty my Bones? I have had enough of variety.

Watt. Ay but, Sir, you are handſom and young; I have known ſuch in this Town, who have brought in as good a Living, as any Miſs of 'em all; kept their Coaches too, with only being a little Snout Fair.

Carel. Damn it, I'll ne're fall ſo low to do the drugery of any Old Lady.

Watt. Very good! many a younger Brother wou'd leap at ſuch preferment.

Carel, No, I'll purſue my firſt Reſolves, and will commit ſome death-deſerving Crime, tho' theſe Cloths go to the Hangman for't, in ſpight to him that was my Uncle, and that ridiculous, grave, formal Nonſenſical ſpeaking Friend of his *Saveall*, that calls People Pe-o-p-le. [*Enter* Saveall.

Mr *Saveall*! —— Cou'd I expect this honour? how am I oblig'd to you for this Viſit?

—— Sir, being inform'd my Uncle was come to Town and you with him, I did preſume to write to you.

Save. Send away your Servant.

Care. Go, wait without. [*Ex.* Watt.

Save. One Servant is not fit to be employ'd in all Offices. —It was a bold thing indeed, to write to me, conſidering how often I have interceded for you, and reconcil'd you to your overgrateful Uncle, therein was your good thoughts of your ſelf.

Carel. The wretcheſt Creature breathing! in having wearied out my beſt of Friends, on whom my chiefeſt happineſs depended.

Save. No, I am not wearied, but have the ſame good wiſhes ſtill to ſerve you, but cannot ſtrive againſt impetuous Torrents.

Carel. My Uncle's then reſolv'd that I ſhall periſh. But did you ſpeak on my behalf this time?

Save. O Sir! I have try'd him even unto his diſpleaſure.

Carel. But did you mention that good deed of mine, which he once ſwore ſhou'd ever be remember'd?

Save. All, Sir, all; but 'twas in vain to urge your merits to him, tho' to ſay truth, it was a worthy Action to ſave him, from the inhuman Violence of Thieves and Murderers—— but ——

Carel. *Watt*, and *I*, made Four of the ſtouteſt Rogues fly for't, that ever cry'd *Stand* upon the Kings high way.—After they had diſmounted him, and ſet their Piſtols to his Boſom; he crying and roaring out for Aſſiſtance, I happen'd by meer Accident to paſs by, which was a miraculous chance, nay it was, when I was out of his Favour too, and had been ſo for ſix Months; and yet Nature prevail'd and I ſav'd him — nay more ——

Save. Fare you well, Sir, I cou'd have ſaid all this as well as you — but —— [*Offers to go.*

Carel. Good Mr *Saveall*, do not leave me.

Save. Good Mr *Careleſs*, give me leave to be heard as well as to hear.

Carel. I cry you mercy, Sir, pray proceed.

Save. I was ſaying what you did then for your Uncle was a worthy Action, and you expreſt your ſelf a perfectly kind Nephew; the Action too drew bleſſings on your head, notwithſtanding you were then caſt off to Reprobation, he then receiv'd you into his Boſome again, Adopted you his Son, tho but his Siſters Son, allow'd you Three hundred Pounds a year, and gave *Walter* Fifty Pounds for the good Service he then did.

Carel. And he deſerv'd it, I'll ſay that, he receiv'd a flaſh over the Coxcomb, he never bore his drink well ſince.

Save. God be with you the ſecond time.

Carel. Nay ſweet Mr. *Saveall* ——

Save. I came not altogether to hear you ſpeak, but to ſpeak unto you my ſelf.

Carel. Sir, I will attend with all due ſubmiſſion.

Save. As I was ſaying — Sir *Oliver* being thus gracious unto you, you preſumed upon your Merit ſtill, and flew to new extravagancies, till for one good ſervice you did him, he repaid you a hundred, by paying of Surgions Bills for Claps, Wounds, &c. Redeeming you out of Priſon, till wearyed with your Extravagancies he turn'd you off for ever, nay even at that time ——

Carel.

Carel. Even at that time I could have liv'd, and might do ſo ſtill, only by being imagin'd his Heir, had he not been Marryed: a Curſe upon that Marriage, it turn'd the hearts of all well minded Citizens from me.

Save. A Third time I will take my leave.

Carel. Sir, You ſhall ſee the laſt of me firſt and that immediately, that you may let my Uncle know, I'll be no more a Vexation to him, unleſs in Charity he will ſee me buried; 'tis all I ask.

[*Draws his Sword.* Saveall *gets it from him.*

Save. I hope you will not kill your ſelf and thereby damn your Soul.

Carel. O Sir, you need not diſarm me, I can die without that help — I feel my heart ready to break; alas Sir, my Uncle has abandon'd me, and ſo have you, and then 'tis high time to dye — *Watt* —— [*Enter* Watt.

Watt. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Save. I have delay'd too long to tell him the good News I bring him. [*Aſide.*

Carel. Put me to Bed, *Watt.*

[Watt *holds him he ſtands as fainting.*

Watt. Mrs. *Phebe* is come indeed, but I hope you will not go to Bed with her before him. [*Aſide to* Care.

Carel. Put me to Bed, I ſay —— come undreſs me quickly.

Watt. Lord, Lord, Sir, how his heart pants! pangs of death I fear.

Save. Alas! I hope not ſo, good Mr. *Walter.* I will now be brief — Mr. *Careleſs,* pray look up.

Carel. No, no, Sir, I am well prepar'd to die, I thank my Stars.

Save. Why Sir *Oliver* is Friends with you!

Carel. Alas, alas Sir, ——

Save. Why I thought you a Man of more reſolution.

Carel. Ay, Ay Sir, I have made a reſolution.

Save. Come Sir, I profeſs, all that I have done was only to ſearch your temper.

Watt. Ay, Ay, Sir, but I am afraid you have ſearcht too deep.

Carel. Ay, Ay, ——

Save. Come Sir, look up, Sir *Oliver* intends to take you into Grace again, and make a farther Tryal of you — you may be yet his Heir, for your New young Aunt is now out of hopes of a Child, having been Marryed at leaſt 20 Months, and no ſigns of Iſſue.

Carel.

Carel. Ah Sir, — can this be poſſible?

Save. Moſt poſſible. Come Sir, you muſt along with me to your Uncle; and all things ſhall be well again.

Carel. Your Generoſity has reviv'd me, Sir, — *Watt*, my Sword. — tell *Phebe* I am now in haſte, going to ſee my Uncle, and cannot ſtay to ſpeak with her.

[*Gives him his Sword*, Carel. *ſpeaks to him aſide.*

Save. Good Gentleman, how feebly he ſtands! but his Uncles kind Aſpect will recover him.

Carel. Sir, what if I ſhou'd firſt (to ſhew the Reformation of my mind) leave off my unbecoming Perriwig, and put off theſe gay Cloths, and Equip my ſelf in a Students Gown? I can be furniſht at the Brokers, Sir.

Save. The Reformation of your mind's ſufficient; and theſe Cloths become your Quality. [*Ex.* Save. *and* Carel.

Enter Phebe *to* Watt.

Phe. What? he is departed, it ſeems.

Watt. Call'd by his happy Fortune.

Phe. Refuſe to ſee me? but I'll fetch him back. [*Offers to go.*

Watt. Hold, hold, ſweet *Phebe*, you will not ruine him; he's gone to be Friends with his Uncle, and I dare promiſe you within a day or two, a New Gown and Petticoat.

Phe. You know how to diſſemble too — pray let him make me amends for the wrongs he has done me, for I neither can nor will any longer bear with him.

Watt. Nor bear him neither? You had beſt have a care what you ſay.

Phe. Nor with him neither, Sawcebox, unleſs he Marry me, as he promis'd, and ſave my honour.

Watt. Your honour, with a Pox!

Phe. Yes, Sirrah, my honour, which was unſpotted before he ſeduc'd me, which e're long I'll make him know — nay and thou ſhalt aſſiſt me in it.

Watt. Why look you, Mrs. *Phebe*, be not ſo paſſionate, and I'll do all I can to ſerve you.

Phe. 'Tis your ſafeſt way, or I'll be the death of you.

Watt. Bleſs me, how deſperate Poverty makes a Whore! — but what Courſe do you intend to take with him?

Phe. Why I intend to ſend my wealthy Kinſman that lives in

in the City to demand ſatisfaction of him, which if he refuſes, I don't doubt but he'll hamper him.

Watt. What I'll warrant you, you mean *Saleware*, he that has the flanting Wife?

Phe. Why how now Impudence! do you mock my miſery? —— I'll make him know what it is to abuſe ſimple Innocence. He had no way to accompliſh his wicked deſign, but by promiſing to Marry me, and at the ſame time made me refuſe the offers of a good match in the Country, by which I incurr'd the diſpleaſure of all my Friends; and does he think to leave me now at laſt, without making ſome proviſion for me? but he ſhall find that my Kinſman has mony, and will ſtretch his purſe to right me by Law. —— for I have already given him an Account of his ill uſage to me.

Watt. But I hope you have not told him how often he has enjoy'd you, and the Wheres, and the Whens.

Phe. Sirrah, I ſhall teach you and your Maſter too, to uſe me with more Civility ere it be long.

Watt. Why truly, Mrs. *Phebe*, for all my Fooling I have a perfect ſenſe of the injuries he has done you, and have not been wanting in my perſwaſions to make him leſs cruel; —— but I'll warrant you will refuſe me a kiſs now for all the good Offices I have done you. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Phe. Away you impudent Raſcal.

Watt. Come prethee tempt me no farther, for if you do, by Heaven I ſhall be moſt deſperately in Love with you.

Phe. You in Love with me, you pittiful Creature!

Watt. Yes, faith Madam, I am your Creature as well as my Maſters, and can ſatisfie my appetite very well upon a diſh after he has done with it, and you know the Servingman is always allow'd to break his Faſt upon his Maſters leavings —— Oh, how Deviliſh hungry that frown makes me.

Phe. You are no Impudent Raſcal you?

Watt. Come, come, you know a good ſtomach needs no ſawce, and you may ſave your ſelf the charge and trouble of going to Law, nor ſhall you need the aſſiſtance of any other Friend, to make my Maſter do you reaſon, but your Friend and Servant honeſt *Watt.*

Phe. In good time.

Watt. Come take my Counſel, and if I do not handle matters

ters ſo (if you'll but joyn with me) as ſhall content you, then ſay I'm a Man of no Abilities.

Phe. How joyn with you?

Watt. In the next Room I'll ſhew you; there I'll dictate a Letter, which you ſhall write too him, which ſhall ſting him to the quick.

Phe. Nay I intended to write to him before I departed the houſe —— Oh Cozin, are you come?

[*Enter* Tom. Saleware, *as they are going off.*

Watt. The Devil take this ſniveling Cuckold for ſpoiling our ſport.——hark ye, Mrs. *Phebe*, is this your Worſhipful Kinſman you told me of.

Tom. I am the Gentleman, Sir, if you have any thing to ſay to me——my Kinſwoman has told me all, and ſo pray tell your Maſter, and that he's a diſhoneſt Gentleman if he does not Marry her according to his promiſe; 'tis that I came to demand in her right, or to denounce the Law againſt him.

Watt. 'Twas well, Sir, that you came too late to tell him ſo, for he wou'd have ſo ſwinged you elſe——

Tom. Oh, oh, Sir, theſe great Speeches cannot fright me, I neither fear, nor care for ſwinging, I'll not be daſht, nor baſht, nor croſs him out of my Book for ſuch payments; for, Sir, take notice he is in my Books for Sixſcore pounds, as you can witneſs, tho you have loſt the remembrance of me; ——but *Sapientia mea mihi; Stultitia tua tibi.*

Watt. Oh your Servant, ſweet Mr. *Saleware*, I had indeed forgot you——how does Mrs. *Saleware*, your moſt beautiful Wife? the *Flower de Luce* of *Pater Noſter Row.*

Tom. No matter to you, Sir, how my Wife does; 'tis, my Kinſwoman that I talk of, whom your Maſter has deflowr'd, and deluded, and led into a Fools Paradiſe, as the ſaying is, by ſwearing he wou'd make her his Wife, and here he has held her off, and held her on, till ſhe is with Child by him, and I'll have you to know, Sirrah, my Cozin is a Gentlewoman.

Watt. Pray, Sir, how many Children have you, by your moſt exquiſite Wife?

Tom. Why what's that to you? again Sirrah—ſtill medling with my Wife?

Watt. I only ſpoke it, becauſe you were talking of Children, Sir, ——but how ſhall I know this is my Maſters Child, if ſhe has conceiv'd?

Tom.

Tom. I ſhall make him know 'tis his. Come, come, there's Law to be had for money, money to be had for Friends, Friends to be had in the Spiritual Court; and ſo, if you pleaſe, you may tell your Maſter. Come, Cozin, come.

Watt. But pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you one queſtion: From whom doth your Cozin derive her Gentility? Is it from you or your Wife?

Tom. Sirrah, you are a ſawcy Jackanapes, to offer to meddle with your betters; for I'll have you to know, I am a Common Council Man, and as for my Wife, let me adviſe you not to mention her but with reſpect, or I ſhall bring you, where you ſhall be taught to mend your manners.

Watt. I cry you mercy, Sir, I know ſhe's for great Perſons.

Tom. Are you at it again? Well, Sirrah, remember this. —Come away, Cozin. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Oliver Thrivewell *and* Lady.

Sir Ol. Why ſhou'd you harbour ſo ill an opinion of me?

La. Your late unkindneſs is too viſible; did you not take me in your Arms laſt night, with exſtaſie? And when you diſcover'd that 'twas I, you coldly turn'd away, as if you had dreamt the while.

Sir Ol. Methinks you dream now, or elſe you cou'd not talk ſo idlely.

La. This will not do, for I'm reſolv'd, I'll never let you reſt, till I know what 'tis has caus'd this Melancholy.—— I am ſure, be it what it will, it has been but very lately entertain'd. —— Come be free with me, have you enter'd into Bonds for Friends, and are forc'd to ſatisfy 'em?

Sir Ol. No, no, prethee give o're.

La. Or has any ſad diſtaſter befallen ſome dear Friend of yours?

Sir Ol. Fie, fie.

La. Or is it your extravagant Nephews wicked Courſes that afflicts you? — I was in hopes you had been Friends with him, you made your Friend Mr. *Saveall* and I believe ſo. You ſaid you wou'd ſend for him; have you not? or do you repent the promiſe which you made us?

Sir Ol. Neither, upon my life; when e're he comes, he ſhall be wellcome to me, prethee leave to be Inquiſitive.

Sad. Indeed I ſhall not, Sir, till I know:

Sir Ol. Nay good wife——

La. No perſuaſion ſhall prevail, I will know't tho it be a ſin againſt my ſelf: and I'le forgive it too.

Sir Ol. Now ſhall I play the Fool, and tell her. [*Aſide.*

La. You will not tell me then?

Sir Ol. Yes, I will, if you will be ſo good as to forgive it, tho you are moſt concern'd to puniſh it:

La. Sir, 'tis my duty to forgive any thing, and here again, I ſwear I will forgive it.

Sir Ol. Let me confirm your mercy—— and on this Altar which I have tranſgreſt, offer new vows, of Love and Faith for ever. [*Kiſſes her.*

La. Again, Sir, I forgive what ere it be.

Sir Ol. I'le ſin no more ſo, yet I ſcarce know a man that is not guilty this way——

La. Dear Husband, to the buſineſs. You 've lov'd a pretty Woman, Is't not ſo? I mean—unlawfu ly? ——

Sir Ol. Your gueſs is right; and I expect my ſentence.

La. Ha, ha, ha, what a Coyle was here, about a thing of nothing? Where ſhall you find from the *Carman* to the States-man, one free from ſuch a fault?——

Sir Ol. And can you pardon it then?

La. Never fear it: tho I've been jealous ever ſince your laſt being in Town.

——But pray, how many Women—have you thus lov'd?——

Sir Ol. Upon my life but one.

La. Tell me her name; tho I fancy I ſuſpect who 'tis already.

Sir Ol. Saleware my Silkmans Wife.

La. 'Tis ſhe I meant. Pray what price? for ſhe's a handſome woman;

Sir Ol. Faith after a tedious Courtſhip which ſhe withſtood, with much put-on Coyneſs and fain'd ſcorn, crying I had miſtook my woman, ſhe was not of that lewd ſort—— and ſo forth, at laſt I offer'd her a Hundred Guinies, which ſoften'd her into a yielding; and then I once enjoy'd her.

La. I gueſs the time too. 'Twas laſt Term when you ſtay'd out all night, and ſaid you'd been amongſt the Wits.

Sir Ol. Still you gueſs right, —— but that for which I hate this jilting Quean, is, having purchaſt her at ſuch a price, I thought to have lov'd on ſtill on the old ſtock. But

ſhe

ſhe turn'd tail —— and cry'd, Another Hundred Guinies; and you're welcome; this anſwer I receiv'd but yeſterday.

La. O unmerciful! how rich would the City be, were every kindneſs that their Wives granted, ſo return'd and pay'd! Why, twould begger the Court and Country. But here comes Mr. *Saveall* and Mr. *Careleſs*, I believe. Faith 'tis a handſom Gentleman —— [*Aſide.*

Enter Saveall *and* Careleſs.

Save. Sir, I have according to your deſire brought home your Nephew *Careleſs*; a Penitent he is, and ſo I recommend him.

Sir Ol. George, thou art welcome, nor will I perplex thee with any upbraiding of thy paſt offences.

Carel. I humbly thank you, Sir,

Sir Ol. Nay, not ſo grave, good *George*: Ile have thee live with all thy wonted Spirit. Leave but thy wonted lewdneſs and 'tis enough.

Care. Sir, they only ſerv'd to teach me how I ought to be, by ſeeing my own defermity in them, and I hope, have wrought that Effect in me which you deſire ——

Sir Ol. 'Tis well ſayd, and, *George*, thank Mr. *Saveall* and your Aunt too, for they were your Advocates,

Carel. Hah! my Aunt! how beautiful ſhe is! [*Aſide gazing on her.*

Sir Ol. Salute her, *George* ——

Carel. I dare not, Sir, approach her.

Sir Ol. I like that Modeſty. [*To* Save. *aſide.*

Save. Nay, nay, Sir, he is transform'd from what he was.

Carel. Madam, the goodneſs you have ſhown me, cannot be pay'd but with that reverence and reſpect we pay to Heaven; for when I wou'd approach you as a Lady to whom I owe obedience as an Aunt, your bounty and your Beauty gives me Laws, and thus commands my diſtance.

La. This diſtance is too much. You'le be more welcome, if you approach more near.

Carel. I'd rather offend in my reſpect, than in my obedience, and ſince you command it — thus take the humble boldneſs — Ah, ſhe's a Heavenly creature — [*aſide.* [*Kiſſes her.*

Sir Ol. George, —— come hither —— take notice; *George*, my

houſe here is yours, my table yours: and all my Servants to be commanded by you: —— but you have *Watt* ſtill?

Care. Yes, Sir, a very harmleſs honeſt true hearted Fellow 'tis: as I have inſtructed him, he has left off ſwearing now, and can ſay Grace.

Sir Ol. 'Tis well. Send for him to wait on you: to morrow Ile pay your debts if you owe any thing.

Carel. Some few, Sir, hardly worth taking notice of: they ſhall not be your trouble——

Save. You ſpeak well, Sir.

Sir Ol. Well, *George*, what ere they be, they ſhall be pay'd. Come lead your Aunt in to Dinner—— [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

Act Second. Scene Firſt. *Salewares Shop.*

Diſcovers Alitia Saleware: *a* Prentice, *the* Lady Thrivewel, *and a* Footman.

Ali. I Aſſure your Ladyſhip, there cannot be better ware in *London*, and your Ladyſhip will find it ſuch in the wearing.

La. Have you made a Bill Mrs. *Saleware*? for I am ſatisfied in the goodneſs of your Commodity; — a Note of the particulars I pray: and at as low a Rate as you can afford for ready money, for I am never in the City Books, like Heirs under age and Courtiers:

Ali. Your Ladyſhips pay was ever good, and I have made the Prices according. Here 'tis, Madam——

La. Let me ſee —— Boy, take you the Box, 'tis all put up.

Ali. Yes, Madam.

La. Give me my Purſe, Boy, and go you home with the Lace. I have only Gold, Mrs. *Saleware*, which you will weigh before you take, I ſuppoſe. [*Ex. Boy.*

Ali. That's no great pains, Madam.

La. How ever Ile not give you the trouble now, —— pray ſend your man for a Glaſs of beer——

Ali.

Ali. Some beer for my Lady—— [*Ex. Boy.*

La. That I may take the opportunity to tell you, what poſſibly you wou'd be loth he ſhould hear: —— for 'tis more the buſineſs of the Fore-man of the Shop to keep his Miſtreſſes ſecrets.

Ali. Your Ladyſhip is merry.

La. Not very merry, becauſe I find by your Bill here that I have laid out more mony than my Husband allow'd me: here is a Hundred and Eight Pounds and Two ſhillings, and I am allow'd but the Hundred.

Ali. The reſt is no great matter, Madam,

La. Oh, very great in a *Norfolk* Ladys Pocket: and wou'd ſupply her Credit at *Picket*, and *Lantraloo* a whole Chriſtmas in the Country: tho you great Gameſters of the City here, can loſe and win your Hundreds, whilſt 'tis ſo eaſily commanded out of the Pockets of thoſe Country-Ladys Husbands——

Ali. I underſtand not your Ladyſhip.

La. Ile tell you then: Sir *Oliver*, when he was laſt in Town, lent you, or left with you, a Hundred *Guinies*, which he has given to me: now here is in the Bill one Hundred and Eight Pounds and Two Shillings, ſo here is Twelve ſhillings for you, and all is paid.

Ali. What mean you, Madam?

La. Why, have you forgot the Money my Husband lent you? 'tis ſtrange, when 'twas to do you ſuch a ſervice.

Ali. A ſervice, Madam!

La. Yes, a ſervice; have a care you don't make me ſuſpect that you deſerv'd it from him ſome diſhoneſt way.

Ali. Pleaſe you to drink, Madam?

[*Enter* Boy *with a Glaſs of Beer.*

La. After you Mrs. *Saleware.* [Ali. *Drinks.*

——This Notes right caſt up, *Boy?*

Boy. To a Farthing, Madam. [La. *Drinks.*

Ali. I hope your Ladyſhip will find your ſelf ſo well us'd, that you will always be pleas'd to Honour me with your Ladyſhips Cuſtom.

La. On theſe Terms always, Mrs. *Saleware*, and ſo, Your Servant.

Ali. Your Ladyſhips obedient.——Open the Coach for my Lady.

La.

La. My Footman's there, he need not.

Ali. Wou'd your Coachman wou'd carry your Ladyſhip to the Devil. [*Enter* Bell. *as the* Lady *goes out, ſhe gazes on him.* La. *returns ſtill gazing upon* Bell.

La. Hark you, Mrs. *Saleware.*—— ſure 'tis the ſame. [*Aſide.*

Ali. Your command's an honour, Madam.

La. Do you know that Gentleman?

Ali. Yes, Madam, he is Gentleman to the Lord *Loveleſs*, and call'd *Bellamy.*

La. Tis a handſom youth, I thought I had ſeen his Face before. I commend you for placing your Love here now: but an old Country Knight is a dangerous man; have a care of ſuch, for likely, they have handſom Ladys of their own; adieu ſweet Mrs. *Saleware*—— [*Ex.* La.

Ali. The Devil take her, how ſhe ſhot Darts at *Bellamy*: ſhe Loves the Beardleſs Boy, this chaſt Lady.

Bell. Now, Madam, may I be heard?

Ali. Yes, if you pleaſe to ſpeak.

Bell. But you are frowning, Madam, why do thoſe Eyes put on ſuch Marks of anger, threatning a death to him, whom they have made their ſlave?

Ali. Fie upon't, what ſtuff's this, I am out of Humour, and this will increaſe it.

Bell. Who durſt offend you?

Ali. An unlucky accident that has happened to me, I have cozened my ſelf in the Sale of a parcel of Goods, which if my Husband ſhou'd know, here wou'd be ſuch a life——

Bell. Hang him Mercenary fool, why ſhou'd he ſet you here to forward ſuch mean Trade?

Ali. Ay, this talk pleaſes me.

Bell. Ranking his Wife but with his Prentices,

Ali. 'Tis very true, Mr. *Bellamy*: 'tis a mean thing as you ſay, but I have reveng'd it to day, in the miſtake I have made.

Bell. I hope it was not much?

Ali. Not much; but ſo much as has ſpoil'd a Shop-Trader of me: your Lord told me, I ſhou'd not be at this Servile paſs long: that he wou'd take me from it, and carry me to the other End of the Town, and take me a Houſe in the *Pellmell*——

Bell. He ſtill deſigns it;—If I prevent him not. [*Aſide.*

Ali. He ſaid I ſhou'd have new Cloths, too, and ſent the *Mercer* to

to me with Patterns of *Brocados de or*: but I have heard nothing on't ſince.

Bell. Perhaps this Letter will ſatisfie you.

[*Gives her a Letter: ſhe reads.*

—What a curſed office is this, to play the Pander for the man I love, I am well born, and but for his flattery, had ſtill remain'd with Honour and in Virtue: but his bewitching tongue wrought on my eaſineſs, and rob'd me of my Fame: — 'twas well in this diſguiſe I was conceal'd, my ſiſter elſe had known me, and then I'd been undone: 'tis this — that keeps me too, conceal'd, from the falſe *Loveleſs*, who takes me for a Boy, and makes me do what even in this bold ſhape I am aſham'd to act, to Pimp for him: —Oh heavens! that word — but I'll prevent his longer doting here; to waſt his fortune and his love on one, common, ingrateful, and inſenſible.

Ale. O what a ſweet Letter's here, and yet I have a kind of a mind to this *Bellamy* too — at Shatliens at ſix, good — [*Aſide.* — Sir, I find my Lord is all honour.

Bell. But, Madam, will you think on me that languiſh for you.

Ale. Becauſe I am kind to your Lord, you imagin I muſt be ſo to you? but I wou'd have you to know I am none of thoſe: I am not faln from his favor yet, or if I were, I ſhou'd not fall to Pages — there be more Lords.

Bell. Madam, you have ſilenc'd me. [*Offers to go.*

Ale. Nay, not ſo haſty, come back Mr. *Bellamy.*

Pren. Can you take his mony forſooth? — d'ye hear, Sir.

Ale. Stay you behind the Counter, Sirrah; cannot I handle the Gentleman without you? — What, fly for my firſt denial? — Come, let a ſmile encourage you again —

Bell. Oh how you bleſs me! —

Ale. — Come, come, leave off to talk like a Player, and if you have a paſſion for me, let me know't — Are you aſham'd? that bluſh wou'd ſeem to ſay ſo — come then, whiſper it in my ear —

[*He whiſpers* —

Oh ſtrange, is that the higheſt price you dare venture? I cannot, Sir, afford it ſo: yet this — before you go — I'm ſure you cannot match it. [*Kiſſes him.*

Bell. I ſhall forget my duty to my Lord —

Ale. Prithee do ſo, and ſo will I, and tell me what you wou'd have me to do with you.

Bell.

Bell. I wou'd intreat you——

Ale. Forward, Sir, without a bluſh.

Bell. That you wou'd vouchſafe——

Ale. To do what, I pray?

Bell. To wear this Watch by your ſide —— and every minute think of me.

Ale. I could have done that without all this intreaty —— is this all?

Bell. No, there is ſomething more, but when I think how fair you are, and what a bleſſing my Lord injoys in you——

Ale. Prithee no more of him: but ask me ſomething.

Bell. I dare not hope you can grant me any thing.

Ale. Why ſo?

Bell. Becauſe you love my Lord ſo well.

Ale. Perhaps not when he is preſent —— but tell me what is it?

Bell. That you'd be pleas'd——

Ale. I am pleas'd.

Bell. To grace this Ring with your fair hand.

Ale. And what hurt will that be to your Lord? —— come, come, I muſt divine your meaning now, and what returns I muſt make you for all theſe preſents —— but ——

Bell. But——you'll be cruel and betray me to my Lord.

Ale. But I will not, tho' I have you at my mercy; for it is evident you wou'd lye with me —— deny it if you can.

Bell. Did I name ſuch a word now? I ſwear you make me bluſh.

Ale. Then you're a fool; come, take courage, and be more a man, for you ſhall——

Bell. What ſhall I?

Ale. Why you ſhall —— you underſtand me, do what I ſaid you wiſh't to do.

Bell. Oh how happy you will make me!

Ale. But 'tis on this condition.

Bell. Let it be what it will I'll do't.

Ale. Why you ſaw here e'n now, a young Lady.

Bell. What of her?

Ale. 'Tis my Lady *Thrivewell.*

Bell. Wife to Sir *Oliver Thrivewell?*

Ale. Yes; it ſeems you know her then.

Bell. I have ſeen her, I think, when ſhe was a Maid.

Ale.

Ali. Well, ſhe's paſſionately in love with you—— you ſaw her ſpeak to me, and how unwilling ſhe was to go, and loſe the pleaſure of looking on you.

Bell. What does all this tend to?

Ali. Nay, I ſpeak againſt my ſelf, to oblige that ſweet perſon, which few women do; but I have particular reaſon for't, and you muſt make love to her. You know what I mean.

Bell. Alaſs, how ſhou'd I get acceſs?

Ali. O, my Lord's to borrow mony of her husband, and you're to be employ'd, I know upon the Meſſage, then you'l have opportunity, and ſhe being willing, the buſ'neſs may ſoon be done:—— and 'tis the only way to win my love.

Bell. This is to try my conſtancy.

Ali. I vow I do not, but will be yours intirely, when this is done;—— but ſee my husband:—We muſt ſup to night at *Shaltines.*

Enter Tom Saleware.

Tom. How does my dear *Ali.?*—— Mr. *Bellamy*, your ſervant; I hope my Honour'd Lord's well. Why what, you are not brisk and gay! I hope my wiſe has not couzen'd you in any Wares; or are you and ſhe upon ſome bargain, that you cannot agree about? You muſt comply with Mr. *Bellamy*, my ſweet *Aly.* he is my Noble Lord's Favorite, and muſt be us'd well, and ſhall, whether I am within or without doors.

Bell. Sir you miſtake, and I muſt take my leave. [*Ex.* Bell.

Tom. What an *Aſenego*'s this? he might a return'd my Complement, tho' I care not a fart for him. I hope thou haſt couzen'd him indeed, *Ale.*

Ali. Thomas, you are miſtaken, *Thomas*,—— in ſetting me to couzen any body; I am weary of this ſneaking Trade, *Thomas*, and of this taudrum City dreſs, *Thomas*, as I have often told you, *Thomas*; but you think a wife ſhou'd obey her husband.

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word, ſweet heart; but for theſe Tawdrums, as you call them, I ſay, they are the City-faſhion: yet you may follow your own humor, and my Lord's fancy, as I promis'd before I had you.

Ali. Why, that's well ſaid, Friend.

Tom. Nay, now I am ſure ſhe's pleas'd, ſhe calls me Friend, ſhe ever did ſo when ſhe was in good humor.

——But, Friend, I have found a chapman for the Lace my Lord

Lack-Land beſpoke, and wanted mony to pay for: a chapman that will buy it all.

Ali. I have ſold it, Friend, already.

Tom. How, Friend, and is't paid for?

Ali. Yes, tis paid for.

Tom. Well, it comes as pat to ſtop a Gap.

Ali. It has ſtopt a gap already. I have bought me things I wanted, fine Clothes, and Tours, and Points and Knots, and---

Tom. And---never the ſooner for a haſty word.

Ali. 'Tis ſo, Friend, what City-Wife can draw in Cuſtomers to her Shop, that is not Lady-like? and therefore I have done it.

Tom. Say you ſo, ſay you ſo?——

Ali. What are you angry at it?

Tom. I were a beaſt if I ſhould—— no, no, Friend, I am not angry: let it go—— *& ſapientia mea mihi*, is my Motto.

Ali. Well *Thomas*, look to your Shop, for I muſt go abroad.

Tom. Pray whither?

Ali. How, dare you ask that queſtion?

Tom. I am Corrected. *Sam*, waſh your Face, and get your Cloke and Gloves and wait on your Miſtriſs.

Ali. Ple have no *Sam*, to tell you all he ſees: In good time, is that friendly?——

Tom. I am again Corrected, but you'l return by ſupper time?

Ali. Again are you at it?

Tom. I've don, I've don.

Ali. I'l neither come to ſupper, nor to bed, perhaps.

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word, I hope.

Ali. Nor when I do come home, you ſhall not ask me, Where I have been, what I have done, or what Company I had?

Tom. No, no; *ſapientia mea mihi*, I ſay ſtill.

[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Careleſs *his Chamber.*

Enter Careleſs: Watt *with a Candle.*

Care. Are not we in another world, *Watt?* And have not I improv'd my time well, already, look you here, ſirrah? [*Shews Gold.*

Watt.—— 'Tis a comfortable ſight, Sir, may it long continue ſo.

Care. I'll ſcore no more Reckonings in Taverns now, nor hide my

my ſelf in Priviledged places, to prevent the Alarms of damnable Duns, that beſiege a Chamber-door as ſoon as day. I owe nothing now, Boy, and here's delicious Gold, beſides, ſubſtantial Mettal— hark, how it rings.—

Watt. Yes, 'twill ring the Changes ſhortly.

Care. So let it, *Watt*, for neceſſaries— and chime all out too, for I can manage my Unkle now, and drain new ſhowrs when this is gone.

Watt. And do you call Claret, Whores, Hectors, and Fidlers, Neceſſaries?

Care. Why yes, or the devil's in't.

Watt. What, Sir, ſhall go for Pious Uſes, for you'l have little left?

Care. Pious Uſes! Art mad?

Watt. No, Sir, but I call it a pious thing, to have regard in ſome degree to your poor whore *Phebe*, ſhe'l come railing home elſe, and ſpoil all.

Care. She cannot injure me, the World's my own. Do's not all the Houſe adore me? the Servants and the Tenants call me young Maſter. Do's not my Unkle let Leaſes, take Mortgages, and let Money in my Name? And has he not taken care I ſhall have a thing, call'd a Wife, worth ten thouſand pound? And can I fear the Clamour of a little whore, thinkeſt thou?— No.

Watt. 'Tis very well, Sir, and I admire your luck, but moſt, to ſee the fine young Lady, your Aunt, ſo kind to you; Why ſhe outdoes your Unkle that way.

Care. She ſhall be no loſer by that, I have reſolv'd ſhe ſhall not go un-rewarded by me.

Wat. But ſtill, Sir, Mrs. *Phebe* is forgotten.

Care. You are, methinks, damnable careful of Mrs. *Phebe*, but I have anſwer'd here her impudent Letter ſhe ſent me, wherein ſhe deſir'd me to marry her, a Pox upon her:— Here, carry it her, with theſe ten Guineys, but do not give them her, till ſhe promiſe to write, nor come no more, till I think fit to ſend to her.

Watt. That may be long enough, for ought I know.

Care. Why, faith it may be ſo: for I muſt leave off this lewd whoring life, for reaſons I have.

Wall. I Sir, I ſhou'd like it well, if you wou'd do ſo, and make it your buſ'neſs to court the Widow in an honourable way; you were about her once, and I think not ill receiv'd; Faith, Sir, try her again.—

Care. Well, well, Sir, go you about your bus'neſs.—
Watt. I'm gone, Sir.— *Ex.* Watt.

Enter Saveall.

Care. Mr. *Saveall*, I ſee you are a man of Honour, and mean to keep your word in carrying a Letter to the Widow for me—here 'tis—ready.— } Careleſs *is Sealing the other Letter.*

Save. It is diſcreetly done, Mr. *Careleſs.* [*Takes the Letter.*

Care. Faith I have been hard imploy'd, writing News into the Country, to ſeveral perſons of Quality, of how Affairs ſtand in Court and City: of News of State, and News of Gallantry, all, all that has come within my knowledge.

Save. A handſome and commendable Imployment, and will improve your knowledge, and in time you may become a Parliament-man, and aſſiſt in the great Affair of the Rule of the Nation.

Care. When I am married, Sir, I ſhall take up.

Save. I ſhall be over joy'd to ſee ſuch good effects of my negotiation of this bus'neſs.

Care. Faith, Sir, I am unus'd to write to Ladys, and a little awkard in ſuch matters, but I ſhall mend with practice. In the mean time I beſeech you, Sir, to beg my pardon for the roughneſs of the Language.

Save. To the moſt Incomparable, and moſt Virtuous [*Reads.* of her Sex, Mrs. *Croſſtil*, preſent. —— The outſide is handſome, and promiſeth the in-ſide to be courtly and civil.

Care. Pray Heaven ſhe have the ſame opinion of it: which with your kind interpretation may do much.

Save. I ſhall not be wanting to ſay all things to your advantage, and doubt not but I ſhall prevail in your behalf.

Care. Oh, Sir, how you continue your goodneſs!

Save. Well, Sir, expect me and your Fortune modeſtly early in the morning.

Care. Your Servant, Sir. Now the Devil take me if can wiſh him good luck, only ten thouſand pound is a moſt delicious ſum:—But who comes here? my Aunts Governant? how very like a Bawd ſhe wou'd look in any other place? but being an Attendant on my Aunt—— I may be miſtaken.

Enter Cloſett *with a Candle.*

Cloſ. Not to interrupt your Cogitations, Sir, I have here from my Lady brought you.——

Care.

Care. What dear *Cloſett*, any thing from her is precious—

Cloſ. A Caudle, Sir, the ſame her Ladyſhip eats to ſtrengthen her. O, 'tis a moſt profitable Cordial Reſtorative; I made it, Sir, my ſelf. [*He takes the Pot, and eats as he talks.*

Care. How am I oblig'd to her Generoſity, which ſo far exceeds my merits!

How ſhe graces me in all companies, and converſation, with her particular Favors: recommending me, and commending me to all the Ladys that pay her viſits: Then what a care ſhe takes of my Lodging, my Chamber, Furniture, my Table dreſt up, my fine Twilights, my Perfumes, and my Plate: and what not? —Why here are rich things in this Caudle too.——

Cloſ. Have you perceiv'd that? Ile aſſure you, theirs *Amber Greece.*——

Care. Ah! *Cloſett*, what pitty 'twas this fair young Aunt of mine was not married to a young man?

Cloſ. Alas, Sir! Aye, great pitty.

Care. She is the Charmingſt Lady!

Cloſ. Indeed ſhe is ſo, Sir, I have known her, and ſerv'd her from a Child, and then ſhe was a Charming Child: And as ſhe grew towards Woman ſhe was a Charming Maid. And now ſhe is a charming Lady, as you ſay, Sir: And cou'd I live to ſee a Child of hers, I ſhou'd think I had liv'd long enough, unleſs I might live to ſee that have Children too: which I cou'd wiſh withal my heart.

Care. I had rather ſee you at the Devil, and your Charming Lady too; but I hope my Uncles Impotence, or her honeſty, will preſerve her from my curſe.

Cloſ. —But, alas Sir, I ſhall never ſee her have one——

Care. That's excellent.

Cloſ. Say you ſo, Sir,—— becauſe 'twill hinder your being Heir? But, I thought you had valu'd your Aunt above all that.

Care. So I do, *Cloſett*, I ſpoke of the bottom of the Caudle: that that was Excellent; [*Sups it up: She takes the Pot.*

——But, doſt think there are no ways, *Cloſett*, to get my Aunt with Child?

Cloſ. Ways? Yes, yes, Sir, there are ways enow, did not her too nice Virtue ſpoil all.

Care. Canſt not thou perſwade her to her good?

Cloſ. How, Sir?

Care. Nay, do not miſtake me, *Cloſett*,— By this good Guiney, I meant no harm, ——

Cloſ.

Cloſ. No, in my Conſcience, Sir, yon ſpoke in pure Love to your Aunt.

Care. —Nay,——nay,—Nay, you ſhall take it; Nor do I care if thou tell'ſt my Aunt, how dearly I love her, and how well I wiſh her: Nay, Gad and ſhe were not my Aunt, tell her, I had rather get her a Son and Heir, than inherit all my Uncles Eſtate my ſelf.

Cloſ. Good heart! how paſſionately, and honeſtly he ſpeaks! Well, 'tis a good thing to be grateful.

[*Lady calls within:* Cloſett, Cloſett.—

Cloſ. Alas! that's my Lady calls.

Care. Kiſs her dear hands from me,——and tell her——oh, tell her, that——I know not what, I love her ſo, I cannot expreſs it.

Cloſ. I had forgot her meſſage to you, I have the dulleſt brain of my own——

Care. What was't?

Cloſ. My *Lady* intreats you wou'd——

Care. That I wou'd?—— with all my Soul, I wou'd——

Cloſ. My Lady, deſires you —

Care. Thy Lady deſires me? By Heaven, and ſhe ſhall have me.

Cloſ. Lord, Sir, ſhe deſires you,——

Care. The Devil take me, if I do not deſire her too, for all ſhe's wife to my Uncle.

Cloſ. Will you not hear me out, Sir? ſhe deſires you to go abroad with her.

Care, Oh, any whither, to *Chelſey*,—*Knights-Bridge*,---*Branford*,---*Geermwich*, I know all the convenient houſes at every place; and will be as ſecret——

Cloſ. I do not underſtand you, Sir.

Care. The Pox take this tongue of mine, it will be talking in the wrong place.—— [*Aſide.*

Cloſ. Well, Sir, you'll go with my Lady, Ile tell her.

Care. I will: Tell her, ſhe ſhall command my life.

Enter Lady.

La. Cloſett, you make good haſt.

Cloſ. Madam, I was juſt coming. But, Mr. *Careleſs*, was talking ſo affectionately of your Ladyſhip, and ſo tenderly, that methoughts, I cou'd have ſtay'd a whole day to have heard him.

La.

La. I am oblig'd to him. But, Nephew, you muſt go abroad with me, to the *Park*, and to the *Exchange*; if you can leave your Study ſo long.

Care. All the world to wait on you. My dear Aunt, I have no Buſineſs, that can or ſhall hinder me, from ſacrificing the whole time I have to live, to your Service.

La. Dear *George*, uſe leſs Complement to me.

Care. Give it a kinder name, I do beſeech you. ——

La. Come, the Coach-man waits, and we ſhall have no time between this and Supper. You muſt not talk now, good Nephew.

Care. I'm all obedience Madam, —— but a Pox on't, I muſt meet my Gang at the Roſe to night.—— [*Ex.* Car. *and* La.

Cloſ. O that Heaven had ſent my Lady ſuch a Husband.

The End of the Second Act.

Act Third. Scene Firſt. *A Hall.*

Diſcovers old Sim *the* Butler *aſleep in a Chair, a Candle burning almoſt out. After a great Noiſe of calling Sons of Whores,* &c. *and bouncing at the Door, Enter* Careleſs *drunk, all looſe, and without his Perriwig.*

Care. MOney, ye Sons of Whores? ask me for money? As if, *George Careleſs* ever paid Coach, or Chair Men—— unmerciful Villains —— money —no, no! This is not an Age of Payment.

SINGS.

A Pox of the cautious Fool,
That limits his time, and his Glaſs:
Who drinks, and who Wenches by rule,
Is Damn'd for a Cynical Aſs.
But give me the Boy that is gay,
Whoſe time is his ſlave, and will drink
Beyond the dull limits of day,
And ne'r from his Company ſhrink.

——Who's

—Who's yonder? —*Old Sim* —— my Uncles Butler? —a—— very honeſt — Fellow, —now is he diligently ſleeping for my coming home, and moſt carefully— and kindly left the Door open for me: —— So, ho, ho, —*Old Simon*, — ſo, ho, ho, —— up, up, dull Mortal. [*Hollows in his Ear: he rowſes.*

I have uſe for thee. — Lord, ! Lord! —what Sots and Beaſts, ſome Men make of themſelves, to ſleep away half that ſhort life Heaven has given them! — What will this wicked World come too? —— Why *Sim*, ye drowſie Slave, up I ſay, —— [*He riſes and yawns.*

Sim. Au, Au. —

Care. Why, *Sim*, ye Son of a Whore, is this a time to ſleep in? Open thine Eyes, — behold me, and gueſs what Buſineſs I have for thee.

Sim. Au, au, —— anon, Sir.

Care. Nay now, good *Sim*, now. ——

Sim. Shall I never ſleep more?

Care. Unconſcionable *Simon*, no reaſon in thy Sleep? — Come hither, *Sim*, — I have honeſt — lawful buſineſs for thee, — prithee ——fetch me a Whore. ——

Sim. 'Tis my young Maſter *George's* voice, Au, —au, — deliver me well out of this lewd Town again, that I may have my fill of Sleep, and Pudding. Au, au, — mercy on me, who's here? Aye, 'tis he, my young Maſter *George*, at this late hour.

Care. You lie, *Sim*, you lie, —— 'tis early —

Sim. So it ſhould be, by my blinking Candle. — But how, Sir, came you in this lamentable pickle?

Care. How do you mean, Sir? —

Sim. Why, Sir, wheres your Sword, and Periwincle? —ſure you have been Fighting, Sir.

Care. Only kickt a Couple of *Chair-men* — that, had the impudence (wou'dſt thou think it, *Sim*,) to ask me money.

Sim. Alas, Sir, that they ſhou'd offer it —

Care. I, to me *Sim!* — me that always bilk the Slaves. —

Enter Chair-men, *with Sword and Perriwig.*

Sim. The Conſtable and Watch! well, a my Conſcience he never came home in's life but 'twas thus attended.

Care. Theſe, —theſe, — are the Sons of Whores, that had the Impudence to ask me money.

1. *Cha* Your Worſhip was miſtaken, we ſcorn to ask your Worſhip

Worſhip money, we know you better than ſo, as they ſay, tho. But,—if your Worſhip wou'd be pleas'd to give us ſomething to drink your Worſhips health, after our cold ſitting up all Night, we ſhou'd be bound to your Worſhip.

Care. Alas, poor Devils! *Sim*, give 'em a Guiney to drink. But no paying, good *Sim*, 'tis an ill Precedent.——

2. *Cha.* Good Mr. *Simon*, conſider us, for we have waited all night at the *Roſe* Door; and he fearing only that we wou'd ask him money, fell on us, and beat us, we diſarm'd him, and then to Cuffs we went: I proteſt, Sir, no Fault of ours.

Sim. Well, get you gone: and come again anon, and you ſhall be paid.

Both. God bleſs your Worſhip. [*Ex.* Cha.

Sim. Come, Sir, will you not pleaſe to go to Bed? —— 'tis broad day light, and you'll wake your Uncle, and you know that may be fatal to you.

Care. My Uncle! Damn my Uncle.—*Sim*, I tell thee in private, my Uncle's an old Cuckold; doſt hear? a Cuckold, *Simon*.——

Sim. God forbid, Sir, my Lady's a Virtuous Lady, tho I ſay't.

Care. Why ſo ſhe is too, *Sim*,— but I ſpeak of my Uncle—— I ſay,——and I ſay, again ——he is a Cuc-Cuckold,—— or ſhall be a Cuckold before I have done, *Sim*,— my conſcience urges me to't.——'twill be a work of great Humility, and Charity, and this is a wicked world, *Sim*,——a very wicked world; and 'tis time ſome ſhould mend for Example,—— and now we talk of mending, *Sim*,—— fetch me a Whore.——

Sim. A Whore, Sir?——

Care. I, *Sim*, a Whore.——

Sim. Bleſs me, Sir! Why we have none i'th' houſe, nor can fetch any out of Doors.

Care. Sim, you lie,— *Sim*,——do not give your mind to lying, 'twill ſpoil thee,—— no Whores i'th' houſe,—— why where's Mrs. *Figit*, my Ladies woman? *Doll* the Chamber-maid? Starcht *Suſan*, of the Landry? or greaſie *Beſs*, that's under the Cook? Or my Ladies Nurſe, *old Winter*?—— Or where's my Lady her ſelf? ſhe'l ſerve now.— No Whores i'th' houſe!

Sim. Deliver me! What do you mean, Sir?

Care. What all ſober diſcreet perſons ſhou'd mean, to know

all the she-things in the house,—therefore, Sirrah, fetch me a Whore; or I shall untile,——I shall.——

[*Reels about with a noise.*

Sim. O hold, Sir, I wou'd not for the world you shou'd be heard.

Enter Bess *the Scullery-maid passing by.*

Care. Hold! hold! there's a Female,——come hither, Wench,——come hither,—— I say.—Why you drunken Baggage, can't you stand still?

Sim. Pox on you, he cou'd no sooner ask for a Whore, but you must bolt out.——

Bess. I was going to clean up my Kitchen.—

Care. Hang thy Kitchen, thou must along with me, I have need of thee.——

Bess. Any service that I can do that's honest, Sir.——

Care. Honest, I, I, we'll be very honest,—— thou shalt only go to Bed with me a little; dear *Bess*, let me kiss thee. [*Kisses.* Well, 'tis a rare Wench! she wou'd victual a whole Camp; a kiss a day to each man, were a plentiful meal, she smells so of Beef and Mutton: and I have a raw stomach, and cou'd digest her now finely. Come honest *Bess*, let's up.——

Bess. I hope you do not take me for a Whore, Mr. *George*?

Care. A Whore,—— why what wou'd you be taken for, a Cherubin?——Can I take thee for a Nobler Creature?

Bess. Ah, fie upon you, Mr. *George*, I did not think you had the Face to seduce a young thing as I am.——Well, my Lady shall know't.

Care. Come away, I say,——come,——you do not know what I design you, when my Nuncle dies.——

Bess. I, when will that be, trow?

Care. Canst not thou put a little ingredient into his Potage?—That will do his business, and send him to Heaven without the help of a Doctor,—— and then——

Bess. And what then?

Care. Then, Ile marry thee, by this hand, marry thee.——Come away, and do not stand in thy own light.

Sim. Tell him you'l come, you Slut.

Bess. Well, Sir, you have overcome me; go you to bed, and I'll but pull off my Shoes, and steal up to you presently.

Care. *Sim*, will she keep her word?

Sim.

Sim. I, I warrant you, Sir; we have all found her a kind ſoul and honeſt in that point, tho' I ſay't. Pray go to bed.

Care. Give me ſome wine firſt. ——

Sim. Wine, Sir? you have had Wine enough of all conſcience, a vaſt quantity of Wine, a vaſt quantity.

Care. What thou takeſt me to be drunk now, I'll warrant, doſt thou? No, *Sim*, I have that rare quality, — the more I drink the ſoberer I am, 'tis a Miracle to me now that, —— therefore give me ſome Wine, to ſet me right, that I may look thus —— gravely on my Uncle.

Sim. Nay, pray, Sir, go to Bed, ——

Care. Dam me, *Sim*, I'll have your Leathern Ears, if I have no wine. So, ho, ſome Wine you Raſcal —— ſome Wine. [*Bawls.*

Sim. Ah, good Sir, ſpeak ſoftly.

Care. Softly, you Bitch? — why who do I fear? Softly! —— there's ſoftly for you, —— and there's hola. —— [*Kicks him.*

Sim. I, I, Sir, you ſhall not hear me cry out, for all your Kicking —— for your ſake. ——

Care. Softly, quoth a, I'll ſoftly ye. ——

[*Goes to run after* Sim, *throws over the Table and Chairs.*

Sim. So here's fine doings! you'l be turn'd out for this anon, and I after you for my kindneſs in ſetting up for you all night. [*Cries.*

Care. Now am I compaſſionate, —— dear *Sim*, come kiſs me, —— kiſs me, I ſay. — Why you ſcurvy coy Raſcal, why don't you kiſs me? —— So dry your Eyes, and hear me ſing a Song that will make thee weep afreſh, —— Liſten with reverence.

SINGS.

There was two Cats ſat on a Well,
And one Cat there fell in;
But the Cat that ſate by,
Wept bitterly;
Becauſe that Cat was t'other Cats Cozin Germin.
But the Cat, &c. [*Ex. ſinging.*

SCENE,

The Widows Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Croſtill, Saveall *and* Betty.

Mrs. *Cr.* Ha, ha, ha, I ſuppoſe you know the inſide of this, Mr. *Saveall?*

Save. No, Madam, but I believe it paſſionate and Courtly, as he that ſent it: only indeed he commanded me to excuſe the roughneſs of the Stile, he being unus'd to write Epiſtles of this Nature.

Mrs. *Cr.* Ha, ha, ha. Pray Sir, read it: you muſt be acquainted with his excellent Stile.

Save. I am overjoy'd to ſee her ſo well pleas'd; wou'd I had brought it laſt night. [*Takes the Letter.*

Mrs. *Cr.* Read aloud, Sir, for I can never be weary of hearing it.

Save. Reads. *Thou damnable impudent Woman,* ——hah,—— *how dareſt thou, tho but in thy Dreams, imagin I am, or can be ſo great a Coxcomb as to marry thee; a ſin which thou art Damn'd for but believing.* ——

——O Heavens! the Devil himſelf was ſure his Secretary.

Mrs. *Cr.* O Sir, proceed I pray.

Save. Reads. *Doſt thou not hear I am again eſtabliſh't in my Uncles favor, and doſt thou think I can want 5 or 10 Guinies to give a Wench, or that there are not Wenches to be found for ſuch Sums; that I muſt be deſtined to marry you with a Pox.*——

Save. I, I, 'twas the Devil that Dictated to him.

Mrs. *Cr.* Pray on, Sir.

Save. Reads. *No, therefore let me adviſe you, ſince you are ſo mad for a Husband, (tho I believe you love me, and only me,) marry a Blockhead, either in the City, or Country, that thinks there's Joys in Marriage, and I may chance to be ſo kind to be your Friend, by the by; and ſo you may have Children, like*

Yours, (*that way,*) G. Careleſs.

Mrs. *Cr.* You have not read many ſuch Love-letters.

Save. This injury to you, Madam, is irreparable; but the affront done to me I'll fight him for.

Mrs. *Cr.*

Mrs. *Cr.* Oh, Sir, he has oblig'd me beyond expreſſion, and I beſeech you tell him ſo: nay I'm in earneſt.— For what concerns your ſelf, do what you pleaſe.

Save. I do unſay all I ſaid in his behalf, and beg your pardon.——

Mrs. *Cr.* 'Tis all one, Sir, I love him ſtill the better; and tell him, this Letter has made ſuch impreſſions here, as nothing can remove: and if you will oblige me indeed, you muſt bring him to me, and let me alone to ſpeak to him, and tell him of his Letter.

Save. Sure you're not in earneſt, Lady?

Mrs. *Cr.* By my life, I am, and I beſeech you credit me, and bring him to me to day; bring him in good humor too, and then I'll ſay you are my friend indeed.——

Save. I will not fail you, Lady. *Ex.* Saveall.

Mrs. *Cro.* Was there ever ſo extravagant a creature as this *Careleſs?*

Betty. Madam, will you not be reveng'd on him?

Mrs. *Cro.* Yes, *Betty*, the moſt ſevere way that ever woman took.— I'll love him! love him to that degree, he ſhall confeſs no hate was ever ſo perplexing.

Betty. I confeſs, Madam, you were ever of a contradictive humour, and poſſibly you'l love him the better, becauſe he has affronted you.

Mrs. *Cro.* I do ſo, and am all impatience till I ſee him. Prithee give me the Song he made to me the laſt time he was in the Country.——

SONG.

Prithee, Widow, give o're, I cannot comply,
What ſhall I lie mew'd, and kept tame till I die?
A Pox of the nooſe, and the fools it has made,
I ne're can ſubmit to keep up the dull trade.
In Wine and in Love, I will ſpend all my life,
Give me the kind Damſel, and damn the Fop-wife.
In Wine and in Love, &c. [*Exit, ſinging.*

SCENE.

SCENE,

The Hall again.

Enter Sim *alone.*

Sim. 'Tis a meer folly to go to bed now, 'tis time to riſe.—Well, *Simon*, well, thou art bound to give God thanks, thou wert not born a Gentleman,—ſome comfort that.— Mercy upon us, what lives they lead! never riſe till three of the clock after noon, (or very rarely) and then they are damnable dry, and crop-ſick,— but not at all hungry, ſo they loſe both breakfaſt and dinner, (two great bleſſings;) inſtead of Prayers, the firſt words they ſpeak, as ſoon as awake, are— Damn me, how curſed drunk was I laſt night! Hay, *Jack*— ſome ſmall Beer, you Vermin,— (very fine)— well— at laſt he gets himſelf dreſs'd, calls for his Coach (and not a word of dinner) rouls to Play-houſe, to that that has the bawdieſt Play (for that ſettles his ſtomach,) tells as many as he meets (that he knows) how he was claw'd away laſt night, but forſwears drinking again, for at leaſt a day or two; then ſpys me a Vizard, over the benches he ſtalks, and there thunders a deal of leud bawdy, till he has won her heart quite; away they go, ſup and get drunk in ſpight of vows of ſobriety, and then to ſome convenient Manſion of pleaſure, where they ſpew and ſnore away the remaining part o'th' night, and then comes repentance, and never till then have they any grace before their eyes.

Enter Mr. Saveall, *angry.*

Save. Mr. *Simon*, where's your pretious young Maſter?

Sim. So, my pretious young Maſter; he has heard of his mornings revel-rout.— Sir, I know you are diſſatisfi'd, as you have reaſon, but as you have ever been, be ſo good to pardon this fault too.

Save. Pardon him! I'd ſooner pardon the man ſhou'd cuckold me. No, Sir, where is he?

Sim. Alas, Sir, you know he has not been abed above an hour or two, 'tis pity to diſturb him.

Save. So, the old trade too ſtill; I ſay, he muſt be diſturbed, and that quickly too, or I ſhall make a foul houſe,— and ſo tell him.

Sim. Why, Lord, Mr. *Saveall!* —

Save.

Save. Lord me no Lords Mr. *Simon*, I ſay I will ſpeak to him; go tell him, or I'l go to him, on ſuch a meſſage as ſhall not pleaſe him very well.

Sim. Well, Sir, I'l go, tho' it grieves my heart to wake him. [*Ex.* Sim.

Save. This affront has rais'd an unuſual ſtorm in my breaſt, had not the Lady been of my acquaintance, and the Match of my propoſing, it had never griev'd me: My comfort is, ſhe is ſo humorous, that this Letter will rather bring her on, than put him off: but what ſhe'l think of me the while—— 'tis for that I will be reveng'd, that I may let her ſee I had no hand in't.

Enter Careleſs *yawning, in his Night-Gown, and* Sim.

Care. Oh, Mr. *Saveall*——

Save. Make your ſelf ready. [*Walking faſt and angry to and fro.*

Care. Faith, I ſat up a little late laſt night.——

Save. Dreſs you, I ſay.

Care. Dreſs me, for what? 'tis too early.

Save. The better, Sir.——

Care. Why do's the Widow intend to marry me inſtantly?

Save. No, Sir, but I intend to fight with you.

Care. How, Sir?

Sim. Bleſs my ſoul, here's fine doings!

Save. What injury have I done you, that you ſhou'd ruin my Reputation?

Care. How, Sir?

Save. You have put me on a baſe imployment, to carry a Letter to a Noble Lady, ſtuft with ſuch Language, as your Luſt, the Devil and all your Cabal of Hectors cou'd never have invented ſuch another.

Enter Watt.

Cou'd not your Pimp there— ſerve for the baſe Office?

Care. I do not underſtand you.

Save. You had better have eaten fire, or ſent it with your ears, than have provok'd me thus by being the Meſſenger. [*Draws.*

Care. Forbear, and hear me, Sir, before you take a reſolution to abandon me: If I muſt loſe the Widow, by Heaven 'tis by the moſt unlucky miſtake in the world.— *Watt*, come hither,— Did you carry the Letter I ſent to *Phebe*?

Watt.

Watt. Yes, Sir, and the poor ſoul's overjoy'd at the good News you ſent her.

Care. The Devil take her for a lucky whore. That Letter, Sir, was it I writ to the Widow, and that which you carried was meant for this Damſel: I know 'tis ſo.

Save. How cou'd it be poſsible you ſhou'd ſo miſtake?

Care. Sealing them before I had ſuperſcrib'd them, a Pox upon me: and to be charg'd with rudeneſs to the Widow,— when I was ſo religiouſly bent to lead a virtuous Matrimonial life.— The Letter, Sir, (for I'l confeſs to you) was written to a poor retaining whore of mine, whom I have turn'd off.

Save. It was not ſo directed.

Care. No, no, Sir, there was the miſtake; and Fortune's always kind to whores, thoſe of her own trade. — Well, hang me, if 'twere not the ſweeteſt well-pen'd thing,— Sirrah, go and fetch it back.

Watt. Lord, Sir, ſhe'l n'ere part with it.

Care. Then take it by force, you Rogue you.

Watt. What force, Sir?

Care. Thus, you dog,— thus.— [*Kicks him.*

This was a Plot of your's, ſirrah; I believe you lye with her, you are ſo ready to cheat me to ſerve her—— but I'l be reveng'd on you both. [*Kicks him.*

Watt. I, I, now we may go hang, now you are in favour with Sir *Oliver* —— but if I do not fit you for't—— [*Aſide.*

Care. I am in your debt for being abſent laſt night too, and letting *Sim* ſit up for me, whom I abus'd.— A rogue—— [*Kicks him.*

Watt. 'Tis all upon account, Sir.——

Care. No more, Mr. *Careleſs*, 'tis ſufficient, and ſince 'twas a miſchance, I am paciſy'd, and will ſet you right with the Widow again.

Care. But then ſhe l know of this Miſtris I have had,— but the truth is, 'tis now grown ſo common a thing amongſt the married men too, as well as the Gallants, that ſhe cannot but forgive it, I think.— But who's here? my Aunt with a young handſom fellow; ſhe's undreſt too, Death! now am I jealous,— but for my Uncles ſake,— I muſt needs beat him.

Save. By no means, Sir, I wou'd not have you commit ſuch an outrage in your Aunts preſence, and your Uncles houſe, for all the world.

Care. You do not know him, Sir?

Save.

Save. Yes, Sir, I do, he is both friend and ſervant to a perſon of Honour, whom I value, the Lord *Loveleſs.*

La. Mr. *Saveall*, I muſt ſpeak with you. [*They talk aſide.*

Care. In the name of pleaſure, what is this ſtripling imploy'd for to my Aunt? I perceive they have been in private too together, not ſo much as Bawd *Cloſſet* to overlook 'em: 'tis a pretty youth, and I muſt beat it, when I ſee time convenient.

La. Mr. *Saveall*, pray ſpeak to Sir *Oliver*, for my Lord is going to marry a rich Fortune, and will redeem his mortgaged Land that's forfeit to Sir *Oliver.*

Save. Six hundred pound, you ſay, Madam? —— I will get it done for his Lordſhip.

Care. Here's a pretty come-off! as if he were chamber'd up with her all this while to borrow mony: Ah woman, woman, what Politicks you have!

La. Your ſervant, Mr. *Bellamy.*

Save. I go your way, Sir, and will wait on you.

[*Ex.* Bellamy *and* Saveall.

Care. I wou'd wait on him too.——

La. *George*, come back— whither go you?

Care. To bring the young Gentleman to the gate.

La. Oh, you are too ceremonious, *George*,— 'tis below you.

Care. So; I am inſtructed, Madam.——

La. You know not whoſe ſervant he is.

Care. So, ſhe loves him, I know it by her ſlighting him.--- [*Aſide.* Oh, Madam, there are Lords ſervants that may deſerve the favour of Knights Ladies.

La. Not ſo, good *George.*

Care. As the Lady may like 'em, Madam.

La. Sure you're not ſober yet, *George*, or melancholy.— I hope nothing troubles you?

Care. Not much, Madam.

La. Come, come, I know your grief, you think I am angry with you for the pickle you came home in laſt night, or rather this morning: but I excus'd your abſence to your Uncle, pretending I had ſent you to my Brother's, five mile out of Town, to do a little bus'neſs for me: and you may ſee I am not much diſpleas'd by that, tho' you were with your blades, *George.*

Care. Did you do me this good office to my Uncle?

La. Yes indeed, and he believ'd me.

Care. Cou'd you be ſo good? —— Indeed I was amongſt 'em, but will be better temper'd for the future.

La. I ſhall be glad to ſee't, for your own ſake.

Care. I will obey your will in every thing.

La. Oh, had you beheld your ſelf, and how you were hung together.

Care. A drunkard is a beaſt, but I'll be ſo no more.——

La. That's well promis'd; and I'll reward it thus, *George*, there's a ſmall ſtock of Gold.—— [*She gives him Gold.*

Care. Dear Aunt, let me kiſs the hand from whence ſuch bounty flows.

La. Not to afflict you with all you ſaid and did: I will only chide you for calling for whores, *George.*

Care. Oh Lord! why did I? did I? what a wicked dog was I!

La. You frighted poor old *Sim*, with Fetch me a whore:—— the poor wretch bleſt himſelf, and cry'd,— There was none i'th' houſe! then you roar'd out, How! no whores i'th' houſe? where's *Figet?* where ſtarcht *Suſan?* where's *Doll*, greaſie *Beſs*, or old *Winter?* meaning *Cloſet*, or my Lady her ſelf?— No whores!—— But why me, *George*, up in your Catalogue?

Care. God forgive me, was I ſo prophane a Rogue? ſuch an unhallow'd Raſcal?

La. Yes, conſider it well, *George*, and lay it to your heart, ſo fine, ſo handſome a young Gentleman to ſpoil himſelf with ſuch lewd courſes, 'tis great ſhame and pity.

Care. A Pox on this damn'd Wine, 'tis that debauches me to all the other ſins.

La. 'Tis true, had you not been drunk, you wou'd never have medled with ſo ſad a dirty creature, as *Beſs* the ſcullion.——

Care. I, that's it ſhe's moſt offended at, ſhe's not diſpleas'd I call'd for her Ladyſhip laſt night; ſhe preſents me too with Gold: I will apprehend her meaning:——ſhe wou'd have me leave off debauching, and give her a proof of my paſſion and my manhood.—— [*Aſide.*

La. Come, come, be not melancholy, tho', *George*, for I wou'd have you ſtill gay and pleaſant, tho' not lewd.

Care. Madam, you have reform'd my ſoul, and now I beſeech you take the fruits of your good advice: I am all yours.

La. How mean you?

Care. As I ſay, the moſt paſſionate Lover, the moſt ſecret Servant,

vant; that ever was bleſt with a Lady's favour.

La. Sure, Sir, you are not well?

Care. Not well? Gad I defie all the Surgeons in *London*, that can ſay the contrary—— I am ſound, as a Bell.——

La. Not well in your ſenſes, Sir.

Care. Do you doubt my ſecreſie? I'l never be drunk more to endanger my blabbing in that humour. My Uncle ſhall never know it.

La. Can you name your Uncle, and yet purſue me this ſhameful way?

Care. Who the Devil can do you this kindneſs more naturally and leſs ſinfully than my ſelf? am I not his own fleſh and blood?

La. Surely you do but rally?

Care. By Heaven I am in earneſt: try. In earneſt? yes.—Come let me lead you to my chamber,— and give you the firſt clear proof of my intire paſſion.— [*Offers to pull her.*

La. I know you can but jeaſt.

Care. I'l convince you above.— Dear, Madam, come.

La. And wou'd you wrong your Uncle?

Care. Why do you name him? he's not ſo juſt to you, you may Cuckold him with leſs ſin, than lye with him; for then you are in danger, for he's a ſpark abroad, I can aſſure you.

La. How can you tell?

Care. Oh, I have heard it every where.— But what needs all this Ceremony?— come let's up.—

La. Unhand me. If you provoke me, I'l undo you.——

Care. She's angry,— what a Pox, have I miſtaken her? [*Aſide.*

La. Is this the beſt conſtruction you can make of all my kindneſs to you?

Car. Pox on't, I am not miſtaken in her neither, but [*Aſide.* apply'd my ſelf to her, too ſoon after her young Monſieur had left her.— E'gad I'l tell her ſo too.——

La. Well, I ſee a penitence in your face, *George*, for what you've done; and if 'tis true, I can eaſily forgive you;— but here comes my woman.——

Enter Cloſet.

Care. The Devil take her.

Cloſ. Madam.——

La. Look that you never tempt me ſo again. [*Aſide to him.*

Care. Then I muſt dye, unleſs you'l yield without it.

La. Look handſomely, and do not betray your ſelf, and for once you are ſafe.

Care. So, ſhe'l come about again. [*Aſide.*

La. Well, go Cozin, and do that Affair for me I ſpoke of.

Care. I go, Madam, I have my inſtructions all?

La. Yes, *George*, if you can remember.——

Care. Oh, witty Devil, how ſhe has turn'd the diſcourſe! by which I find ſhe puts no faith in old *Maulkeena* there: I love her invention. [*Ex.* Careleſs.

La. Now what's the news with you?

Cloſ. A Citizen waits to ſpeak with you, Madam.

La. Who is't?

Cloſ. Mr. *Saleware*, Madam.

La. Sure his *Aly* has impudently told him what I have done.

Cloſ. There's a Gentlewoman too, Madam.

La. Bring 'em in. [*Ex.* Cloſet.

Re-enters with Tom Saleware *and* Phebe.

Tom. Madam, I humbly deſire a word or two with your Ladyſhip, concerning my Cozen *Phebe* here: She's abus'd by a Gentleman that lies here, as I underſtand; Mr. *Careleſs*, Madam, who has damag'd her much.

La. Indeed!

Tom. Read this, Madam, 'twill inform you of the truth of what I ſay,—— hold up your head, *Phebe*, we'll not be daſht in a good Cauſe.——

La. Reads. *Madam,*

My Uncle's favour has incourag'd me to make my humble adreſſes to you in the way of holy Marriage, I ſhall not be altogether unworthy the Honour of being your Husband, ſince I may juſtly enough hope my Eſtate may be ſutable to your deſires: 'Tis long that I have had a paſſion for you, and impatient till I find whether 'twill be receiv'd well by you. If you vouchſafe to do ſo, I ſhall not only declare my ſelf a good and grateful Husband, but live the happyeſt of all men,

Ever yours,

G. Careleſs.

This is ſo far from injury, that me thinks 'tis very kind.

Tom.

Tom. O but Madam, he is gone from his word, and denies this his Act and deed, like a diſloyal man; and having born her in hand thus long, wou'd now caſt her off: Sent his man to raviſh the Letter from her, but never the ſooner for a haſty word. Cozin, we'll not be daſht nor baſht, I'll warrant thee.

La. Reads. *To the fair hands of Mrs.* Phebe Gimcrack.——

Is that your name?

Phe. I am the wretched thing that owns it, Madam.

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word.

La. I will endeavour to ſerve you, Mr. *Saleware*, —— if I knew how.

Tom. O Lord, Madam, you are diſcreet, and if your Ladyſhip takes this matter in hand, I doubt not but to ſee my Cozin happy, and a good end of the buſineſs; but if it cannot be, I ſhall find Friends, nor ſhall her Cauſe be ſtarv'd for want of monies, as they ſay: For we will not be daſht, nor baſht; *Sapientia mea mihi*, is my word, and ſo dear Madam, I have diſcharg'd my mind.

La. Well, Mr. *Saleware*, I'll take care of your Kinſwoman, and do my beſt for her.

Tom. I humbly thank you, Madam. *Phebe*, do you mind me? Bear your ſelf to this Noble Lady handſomly, and high, as becomes the Family you came off; She may chance do you more good than all my high talking: I pray carry it high;—— or, —— *Sapientia mea mihi*, *Stultitia tua tibi*; that's my *Motto*.

Phe. O doubt not me, Sir; nor my Carriage.——

La. Cloſett, take this young Woman up to your Chamber, and treat her well; I will do ſomething for her: doubt not, Mr. *Saleware*. [*Ex.* Cloſett, *and* Phebe.

Tom. How I ſhall be bound to your Ladyſhip. *Ex.* Lady.

——So, now will I home, and ſee if my Wife be come yet, or not, ſhe has been out all day, and night too; but this I muſt bear, as we are Friends: for *Sapientia*, is my *Motto*.—— [*Ex.* Tom.

SCENE,

A Shop.

Diſcovers Alitia *in it fine, with* Bellamy.

Bell. I ſee you deſign to kill me, you wou'd not elſe let me be a witneſs to thoſe Joys, which my Lord only reaps, and muſt

muſt look on and languiſh for, to conduct you to him; after that undreſs you, and lay you, —— O, I dare not name where, but, wou'd I might never live to ſee him embrace you more.

Ali. Come, come, you ſhall not ſoften me ſo, you diſſembling thing you?

Bell. By all that's good, I am not, I ſpeak truth. —— O how you lay this morning wrapt in his dear embraces.—

Ali. Well, and did not you come from being wrapt in dear imbraces too, thoſe of my Lady *Thrivewell*? —once more, let me hear the pleaſing ſtory,

Bell. O if you lov'd me, as you ſay, you cou'd not take a pleaſure in hearing what Joys I took with another?

Ali. Joys which you give, I can. Come let me hear how kind ſhe was, and how well ſhe lik'd you.

Bell. So well ſhe lik'd me, that ſhe ſwore and I believ'd her, ſhe never lik'd her Husband half ſo well.

Ali. Some other man perhaps ſhe did.

Bell. She vow'd, and I again believ'd; ſhe never knew a man beſides her Husband. ——

Ali. And your ſelf, —— but then ſhe was kind?

Bell. Very kind.

Ali. And cou'd you, —— when you pretended to me, cou'd you? Ah you're a cozening thing.

Bell. Inſpir'd with thoughts of you; I was grateful to her Ladyſhip, and ſhe in requital to your kindneſs, for ſending me, has ſent you a hundred Guinies.

Ali. I, was ſhe ſo obliging? Where be they?

Bell. At my Chamber.

Ali. O the Subtilty of theſe men! for fear I ſhou'd not keep my aſſignation, yon think to oblige me that way, to come to you; but you may believe, my dear *Bellamy*, I am all yours, and will be ſo when e're you name the time.

Enter Tom. Saleware.

Tom. On my Conſcience, my wife's not come home yet: Well, thus it muſt be, in ſpight of chance, and high heel Shoes which will go a wry ſometimes. How a Lady there, —and my Wife not with her? —— *hah*, —— my Wife? Stay, are my Eyes mine own? —— 'tis ſhe — my friend Wife, in that t'other end o'th' Town

Town habit ſhe has ſo long wiſht for: but, Mr. *Bellamy*, and ſhe are whiſpering, I muſt not yet advance.

Bell. This night let it be. ——

Ali. You have had enough of your Lady, ſure for one day?

Bell. Doubt me not, deareſt, Madam?

Tom. So, Madam, is't come to that? wou'd they had done, that I might approach without interruption.

Ali. And with all faith and ſecreſie, I am undone elſe: for you know my vows to my Lord.

Bell. You undo me with theſe ſuſpitions.

Ali. See my Husband. —— Pray, Sir, preſent my ſervice, and humble thanks, to my Lord, and my Husbands too.——

Tom. Yes, I beſeech you, Sir. ——

Bell. I will obey you, Madam. —— [*Ex.* Bell.

Tom. —Still, I ſay, this is an *Aſſenego*, he will never ſtand a Complement with me: But, *Sapientia mea mihi*;— but, what new Graces has his Lordſhip done us, that you have made me ſend him thanks for? For you ſay, you bought theſe rich Cloths your ſelf.

Ali. 'Tis enough, I am ſenſible, and you may leave your ſilly impertinent inquiſitions.

Tom. I ſtand corrected, Friend.

Ali. And ſtand ſtill corrected, or I ſhall break the Peace with you.

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word.

Ali. Before I marry'd you, did not my Lord make you Indent with me, to ask me no Queſtions, to deny me nothing I had a mind too, either for wearing, or eating, or going abroad where and with whom I pleas'd; and did you not agree to all this?

Tom. I did, and will ſtill hold to my Indentures with my Noble Lord: whoſe favor I wou'd not looſe, for Forty Indentures.

Ali. O wou'd you not ſo.

Tom. And what the dickins care I for my ſpightful Neighbours, who becauſe they cannot maintain their Wives ſo fine as thou art, aſperſe thee,——and cry there's *Tom. Salewares* fine Wife: but *Sapientia mea mihi*, is my *Motto*; Let the *Aſſenegoes* tattle their hearts out, for I am reſolv'd to ſhow my ſelf a dutiful Husband, in ſpight of Fortune and foul weather.

Ali.

Ali. To prevent their talking, I'll remove out of their ſight, and leave your pittiful Shop keeping.

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word.

Ali. Nay, I'll do't. I have been about it: have all under one done other Buſineſs too.

Tom. I cou'd tell her under who, if I durſt too. [*Aſide.*

Ali. What's that you mumble there, to your ſelf?

Tom. I was only Divining what that buſineſs ſhou'd be, which you did all under one; Ile warrant, you have taken fine Lodgings in the *Mall*, as you intended.

Ali. No, but I have taken a houſe there, by my Lords directions.

Tom. How, how, what muſt I then break up Shop?

Ali. No indeed, look to your Shop, and keep your City houſe too, for your ſelf to lie in.

Tom. Muſt I not then lie in the ſame houſe?

Ali. No, Friend, not unleſs you mean to break with me for ever.

Tom. Well,—I will not diſoblige thee, nor my Noble Lord, for any Conſideration, for you know my *Motto*; *Sapientia mea mihi*; *Stultitia tua tibi.*——And ſo let's in to Dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

Act Fourth. Scene Firſt.

Enter Mrs. Croſtill, *Lord* Loveleſs *and* Bellamy.

Ld. Lo. MAdam, I'm but a baſhful Lover, unskill'd to court a Widow, to ſwear I love you,—muſt and will have you;——And want the moving confidence to ſtir your blood by putting you to't, before the Prieſt declare it lawful,——But, I have Love and tenderneſs, which you will find in all the Actions of my life.

Bell. This modeſt Courtſhip will do no good on the Widow, he has miſtook her humor. Bleſt miſtake! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Cr.* My Lord, I am not worthy your regard, my Birth, and

and Education, are not ſutable to your great Fame. Fortune, 'tis true, was kind and gave me wealth, which ſets me up a Mark for every Man, that aims at riches: Whilſt all my little Beauties lie dead upon my hands, none court for that in a Wife; 'Tis enough, his Miſtris ſhall be fair.

Ld Lo. Madam, you ſeem to upbraid me with a ſin, I vow, I never knew,—— I am ſo Innocent.——

Mrs. *Cr.* That 'twere pitty Marriage ſhou'd debauch yor Lordſhip.

Ld Lo. It cannot, Madam, I'll be ſo true to you,——ſo faithful, and ſo juſt ——

Mrs. *Cr.* Impoſſible! I wou'd not have you ſo degenerate from the true gallantry of your Sex, and Age, to be a conſtant Husband. O how vile a ſound it has! a young Lord, and conſtant to his Wife! Not for the World, wou'd I be that Woman, that ſhou'd be guilty of making you ſo ſtrange a Monſter.

Ld Lo. Madam, by my Honour, I never lov'd till now, and you may rally as you pleaſe; but, I again proteſt 'tis not your wealth, but Virtue I admire: and you I muſt poſſeſs, or be for ever wretched.

Enter Saveall *and* Careleſs.

Save. —Stay,— let us retire again, here is the Lord *Loveleſs.*

Care. Let there be the Devil, I'll not retire an Inch,——
——Save you, Widow.——

[*Goes up to her: putting the Lord by roughly.*

Mrs. *Cr.* What rudeneſs is this?

Care. Widow, I am in haſt, and have not leaſure for long whining Courtſhip.

Ld Lo. Mr. *Saveall*, what Fellow's this, you have brought to affront me?

Save. Your Pardon, good my Lord, we knew not of your Lordſhips being here; 'tis Mr. *Careleſs*, Nephew to Sir *Oliver Thrivewell*,—of whom I have procur'd the Five hundred pound, your Lordſhip deſir'd by Mr. *Bellamy.*

Ld Lo. For that I thank you; but for him, I muſt have an account of his rudeneſs.

Save. Pray have reſpect to the preſence of the Widow, my good Lord.——

Ld Lo. I ſhall do as becomes me, Sir. [*Talks to* Save.

Mrs. *Cr.* Then it ſeems, you do not deny the Letter, to be your own hand?

Care. No, faith, Widow.

Mrs. *Cro.* Have you the impudence to confeſs it?

Care. Yes, and will not ask your Pardon for't; why what the Devil was there, that was not kind? I offer'd, if you Marry'd, to do your Drudgery, 'Egad I think you're beholden to me.

Ld Lo. Madam, I made my firſt Addreſſes to you, and deſire the favour of being firſt heard.

Care. Sir, ſhe ſhall hear me firſt, whoere came firſt I care not, ſhe has heard you firſt already; or you have loſt time.

Ld Lo. Sir, I have been heard, and I will be heard again, and what's all this to you?

Care. But you ſhall not, Sir; let me ſee you dare ſpeak a Syllable to this Widow; or but tell her you love her with your Eyes, and it ſhall be your laſt; by Heaven it ſhall.

Ld Lo. Unhand me, *Saveall.*——

Mrs. *Cro.* How dare you, Sir, uſe this inſolence in my houſe? On what incouragement, or by what Authority is it?

Care. Good pert thing, hold thy prating, for let me tell thee, I neither love thee, my ſelf, as you perhaps vainly imagin, nor will I ſuffer any other to do ſo.

Mrs. *Cr.* I beſeech your Lordſhip, to Pardon him, he's certainly mad.

Care. The fitter for you, Widow.

Ld Lo. Madam, the reſpect I bear you ties my hands, or you ſhou'd ſee I wou'd not be affronted. —— Mr. *Careleſs*, you know me I ſuppoſe, and pray expect me to morrow morning.

Care. I ſhall, Sir, I ſhall. You have your anſwer, Sir, and may be gone.

Ld Lo. Death, ſhall my fears of angring her, make me endure all this?

Mrs. *Cr.* Sir, what's your buſineſs here? what have you to ſay to me? If any thing, ſay it quickly, and leave me free.

Care. Softly, good Widow, you are ſo impatient, till you hear me ſay, I love you, —— well, know then I do love you moſt

moſt abominably, and am reſolv'd to Marry you, and then to uſe you as I liſt.

Mrs. *Cro.* Pray, Sir, how old are you?

Care. O parlous Wit! what, I warrant you expect to be Courted in fine Language; —Ah, cruel Woman, how can you treat a Gentleman that loves you dearer than his Eyes, ſo rigorouſly? One that cannot, — nay, will not, (whilſt there are ways to dye,) live out of your favor. [*In a whining Tone.*

Mrs. *Cro.* Who is't, you ſpeak of, Sir? ——

Care. I am the wretched Man. ——

Mrs. *Cro.* All this, and more, Sir, my heart directs to an unknown youth, who loves not me. [*In a whining Tone too.*

Care. Death, but you ſhall not, Ile have you love none but me.

Mrs. *Cr.* I cannot chuſe, you're ſuch a civil Perſon, and write ſuch paſſionate ſtuff in your Letter. ——

Care. O does that Letter trouble you? In good time, Ile write more, and worſe to you hereafter, and in earneſt too. ——Did I not tell you the miſtake, unreaſonable Creature?

Mrs. *Cro.* Sir, I have nothing to ſay to you; and beg your Pardon, if I tell you, I deſire you no more to viſit me.

Care. Why, then fare you well. Ile have as good a Widow, on every Ale-houſe Chimney.

[Sings. *O ſhe's a dainty Widow.*

Mrs. *Cro.* O how his humour pleaſes me, yet now Ile be reveng'd on't. —Sir, your Servant, will your Lordſhip pleaſe to walk in? This rude Fellow has diſorder'd you?

Ld Lo. Madam, you honour your ſervant, and fully make amens, for all I've ſuffer'd, in the Allowance of this favor.

[*Offers to lead her in.*

Care. But, Sir, I am not pleas'd ſhe ſhou'd allow it you.

[*He puſhes him away.*

Ld Lo. Death, Sir, But ſhe ſhall. ——

[*Offers to draw, the reſt part 'em.*

Mrs. *Cro.* Shall you control me, in my own houſe? — Pray learn to know your ſelf. —— Mr. *Saveall*, pray carry him away; or Ile have it done more indecently.

[*Ex.* Lord *and* Widow.

Care. I will endure it for once; becauſe I know 'twas done only in revenge to me. —— But who's here? My fine young

dandy-prat, —— and at the Widows too! —— Sir, I have ſeen you but twice, and 'twas at places where I cannot allow of your coming, firſt at my Aunts, and now here at my Widows.

[*Sees* Bellamy.

Bell. Your Widow, good Sir? I thought ſhe had been the Widow of one deceas'd?

Care. Thou art a pretty witty child; but, Sirrah, let me find you here no more, nor at my Aunts, I charge you: if I do, I ſhall have you whip't.

Bell. I hear your Charge, Sir; but you muſt leave it to my diſcretion, whether I will obey you, or not.

Care. Well, Sir, remember I have given you fair warning.

Save. Sir, will it pleaſe you to walk homeward?

Care. You muſt excuſe me, Sir, at preſent.

Save. It will not be convenient, Sir, to viſit the Widow again to day.

Care. O fear it not, Sir, I do not like her ſo well now.

Save. Do your pleaſure, Sir, —— Farewell. [*Ex.* Save.

Care. This damn'd Widow ſticks in my Stomach, I am reſolv'd ſhe ſhall not have me now, unleſs ſhe court me to't, to which end, I will go drink her out of my head, for to my heart ſhe is not yet arriv'd; and then Ile home, and do that which only my Aunt and I muſt be acquainted with: this is her Night of grace, ſhe has promis'd me to be kind; if ſhe keep touch with me, —— O how I ſhall love. —— [*Goes.*

Bell. So, they are gone. — And now muſt I prepare to meet Mrs. *Saleware*, I have a mind to try her honeſty, which I believe is as little, as her faith to my Lord: I have appointed her to meet me at a certain convenient houſe, where I have got a Bed ready; but how to ſupply her with a bedfellow ſuitable to her humour, I cannot tell: I have therefore writ this, in an unknown name, to her Husband, who ſhall come and prevent the Plot, and ſave my credit; —— but if he fail? — wou'd that were my greateſt grief; but here I leave the man my ſoul adores, courting another, may ſhe be deaf to all his Love, as I was to my reaſon, when it pleaded againſt his falſe addreſſes. —— [*Goes out.*

SCENE,

SCENE,

The Lady Thrivewell's *Chamber.*

Enter Lady Phebe, *and* Closet.

La. In troth, I pity you, but you were to blame too, *Phebe*, I must needs say, to yield.

Phe. 'Twas the effects of Love, Madam, and his solicitations.

La. Well, well, I'l see what I can do for you, tho' it be but for the pleasure of revenge for attempting me: — *Closet*, you know my mind,-- and how to order our design?

Clos. Doubt me not, Madam.

La. I hope he will get himself fudled to night, to further it.

Clos. Then he may forget your Ladyships promise.

Phe. No, no, then he'l be the more earnest.

La. You know his humor best that way, it seems,— but away, here comes Sir *Oliver.*— [*Ex.* Clos. *and* Phe.

Enter Sir Oliver, *and* Watt.

Sir *Oliv.* Make love to my wife? a fine young Rogue! — Well, *Watt*, for this discovery, I'l reward thee bountifully.

—Sweet-heart, I have a sute to you.

Lad. Pray what is't? you may command me.

Sir *Oliv.* 'Tis for my absence from thee, to accompany a friend to *Dover*, who is going for *Holland.*

La. I hope this is no excuse to go again to your Citizen's wife.

Sir *Oliv.* Think no more of that, Sweet-heart, but expect me to morrow at dinner; if I be not here before, and catch you napping, my free Lady. [*Aside.*

La. His absence falls out luckily, [*Ex. Sir* Oliv. *and* Watt. lest there shou'd happen any noise in the house by his unruly Nephew, in case he shou'd discover the cheat I put upon him, his own wench instead of my self. I thought I had sufficiently chid him for his rash attempting me: and he to pursue it, and urge me to a promise!— which I made to be rid of him, is what I must be reveng'd on him for.

Enter

Enter Cloſet.

Cloſ. Your Nephew is come, Madam, and very much uppiſh (as they ſay) but not ſo far gon as to forget your Ladyſhips Promiſe, and he is gone to bed, in expectation of your coming.

La. And have you dreſt his Miſtris up, as I directed?

Cloſ. Oh, moſt famouſly, Madam.

La. But have you charg'd her to ſteal from him, before it is light?

Cloſ. Yes, I have, Madam. [*Ex.* La. Cloſet.

Enter Bellamy, *and* Tom Saleware, *as in a Bawdy-houſe.*

Tom. Why Lord, Mr. *Bellamy*, you are the ſtrangeſt man in the World, to think I am jealous, becauſe I ask for my *Aly*. I am an *Aſenego*, if I be.—.But yet I know ſhe's here.

Bell. Why look you now, is not this jealouſie, not to believe me?

Tom. Oh, you equivocate, Mr. *Bellamy*, I proteſt you do; ſhe is not indeed here at the door, but I'l warrant you ſhe's above, but what's that to me? —— Alas, Sir, it cannot make me jealous.— I hope I ſhall ſee her ſafe at home, ſome time or other, at her own leiſure.— But it is a hard caſe tho.

Bell. Now are you relapſing into your jealouſie again?

Tom. What an *Aſenego*'s this? there's no man in the City more confident of his wife, than I am of my *Aly:* nor will I be daſht or baſht at any ſcandalous reports that go of her, therefore tell me, whether ſhe's here or no, for I don't come to diſturb her.

Bell. There, you are jealous again, —— But to end all diſputes, Sir, your wife is here, and I believe going to bed by this time.

Tom. Why what a notable merry Scab are you, Mr. *Bellamy*? —Away, away, I faith you're a Wag now.

Bell. What, you will not believe me now?

Tom. Believe you? why no, by my troth, not I.

Bell. What made you fancy ſhe was here?

Tom. I fancy, Sir, I have as few fancies as any man breathing, —but I receiv'd a Note from one Mr. *Spywell*, hinting that my *Aly* was to lye with a certain Friend here all night.— A very pleaſant bus'neſs; as if I believ'd it:— not I, Sir, I proteſt, for ſhe

ſhe has no friend but my Lord, and as if he wou'd bring her to ſuch a place as this, he having ſuch Lodgings of his own, and ſhe a Houſe—— is a ridiculous bus'neſs.——

Bell. Why did you come then?

Tom. To ſee the meaning of this *Spywell*'s Letter, who bid me come and inquire for you.

Bell. Well, and here I am.

Tom. Well, and what of that? he's an *Aſenego* that inquires further: and ſo farewell to you.

Bell. Stay, Sir, I was that *Spywell* that writ to you, for I knowing you had not lain with your wife this three months, out of pure kindneſs, laid this Plot, that you might come and lye with her here.

Tom. Why, and is ſhe here indeed?

Bell. Come along with me, and be convinc'd.

Tom. This is a Plot laid by my wife to oblige me: I am ſure 'tis ſo. Ah little Rogue, how I will pay thy kindneſs!

[*Ex. after* Bellamy.

SCENE,

A Bed-chamber, Ali. *ſitting in her Night-gown at a Table, undreſſing her. To her* Bell. *and* Tom *at the door.*

Bell. If you ſay I ſent for you, you'l ſpoil all, but you muſt ſay you came by inſpiration, or that you were inform'd in a dream, or a viſion, or ſo forth.

Tom. I warrant you, Mr. *Bellamy*, for acting my part well. My wife has laid this Plot to give me a ſure proof of her honeſty.——

Bell. Credulous fool!—— well ſtand you behind this door, and I'l go in and ſpeak to her.

Tom. Ay, ay, Sir, I'l warrant you, I'l ſtand cloſe.

Ali. Ah, Mr. *Bellamy*, are you come? you are a fine man, to make me languiſh thus long without you, are you not?—— Come, haſt to undreſs you, and let us to bed.

Tom. So, very good, ha, ha, ha.—— [*Aſide.*

Ali. What does your Paſſion that was to day ſo high, decay already?

Tom. That's pleaſant again, as if I were ſuch a fool, to think ſuch an *Aſenego* as he had ever had a Paſſion for her,—— ha, ha, ha.—— [*Aſide.*

Ali.

Ali. Did you only court me to a consent to despise me for it afterwards?

Tom. As if she had ever consented to lye with my Lord's man; a pretty bus'ness, that. [*Aside still.*

Ali. Or you perhaps, malitious as you are, courted me only to try me, and then betray me.— Will you not answer me?

Bell. Oh Madam, I am so surpris'd with an accident that you little dream of, that I am not able to utter a word.

Tom. Was there ever such witty waggish Rogues seen as these two? what a pretty Plot have they laid to make me jealous?

Ali. Speak again, what is it has happen'd?

Bell. Death, I cou'd find in my heart to kill the cuckoldly Idiot, the horn'd beast, for preventing my dear expectations thus.——

Tom. As I am a Christian, this is very pretty sport, ha, ha, ha.

Ali. What's the matter? what Cuckold, my husband? ——

Bell. Ay, ay, I know not by what damn'd Witchcraft, but he knows we are here; the Devil assisted him sure to find us.

Ali. Oh, I am ruin'd then: he'l tell all to my Lord.

Tom. Never the sooner for a hasty word.— I shou'd ruin my self then too: no, no, *sapientia mea mihi*, is my Motto; be not dasht or bashtfor that, good Friend. [Tom *comes out to her.*

Ali. Hah, my husband's here indeed.

Tom. As sure as you are there, sweet *Ali.* What, you thought to make me jealous now? but I thank my reason, I have more grace than so: no, I know what's what, as my Friend *Hudibras* has it. Make me jealous! honest *Tom?* — no, Mr. *Bellamy*, I am beholden to you.— But how I came hither, you shall never know, nor, do you hear me talk of any Letter or Porter that came to give me intelligence, no, nor name, Mr. *Spywell*, not I, *sapientia*, is my Motto.

Bell. Death! the fool will out with all. [*Aside.*

Ali. What means all this?

Tom. I mean? I know what you mean; come, come, never blush for the matter, you might have told me you had a mind to.——

Ali. To what, Coxcomb?

Tom. Ha, ha, ha, I, I, never put on this fain'd anger, the Plot is discover'd, and I am not jealous.

Ali.

Ale. What Plot?

Tom. That you had a mind to do me the honour of letting me lye with you to night, and now 'tis out.— Mr. *Bellamy*, I hope we ſhall have your company, tho not in the ſame bed, and E'faith, we'l have a Sack-Poſſet before we go to bed, ſweet *Ali.*

Ali. What a defeat is here!—— [*Aſide.*

Mr. *Bellamy*, hark ye.—— *Thomas*, be at a diſtance.

Tom. Face about, *Tom.* [*Turns.*

Ali. You have betray'd me every way: I ſee it plain, and will be reveng'd on you, if I live.

Bell. Who, I by all.——

Ali. No ſwearing, you are a young Hypocrite: where's the hundred Guineys you had for me,--- you ſaid?

Bell. And have;— but ſhall I give them you before your husband?

Ali. Come, come, I ſee I am abus'd and fool'd; who was it ſent for him, hah?--- not you, I'l warrant.

Bell. Not I, I vow by your fair dear ſelf, and am ſo mad, that he has defeated me, that if you'l give me leave, I'l kill him, to enjoy thee.——

Ali. No, hold; if this be true, I'm reconcil'd again, and pray let's meet again to morrow.

Bell. May all that's man about me forſake me, if I loſe any opportunity: and ſo I'l take my leave.—— [*Offers to go.*

Tom. Nay, E'faith we'l have a Sack-Poſſet, as I ſaid, before we go to bed.——

Ali. Well, tho I ſeem to believe him, I am reſolv'd he has done me this injury.

And when a willing woman is ſo croſt,
All thoughts, but of revenge, are loſt.

Tom. Tell me, *Ali.* indeed, how you came hither.

Ali. You will not be angry then?

Tom. I am an *Aſenego*, if I be.

Ali. It was indeed to make thee jealous.

Tom. Now hang me, if I did not imagin ſo: nay, nay, I can propheſie right ſometimes.

Ali. And how do you think you were brought hither?

Tom. Nay, I can propheſie that too: Mr. *Spywell*'s Letter— but I'l ſay no more.

Ali. Ha, ha, ha, let's ſee the Letter.

Tom. Hah,— where is't?— hum,— have I loſt it?— and facks ſo I have.— [*Searching for the Letter.*

Ale. Well, well, 'twas I that ſent it, Simpleton.—

Tom. Why didſt thou indeed, and indeed? — Well, let's to bed, for I am now ſo in love with thy pretty Project, that I fancy ſtrange things: Come, let's to bed, we'l get a Sibyl or a ſmall Prophet this night. *Exeunt.*

SCENE,

Sir Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter Phebe, *paſſing over the Stage in a Night-Gown,* Careleſs *after her, groping as in the dark, in a Night-Gown.*

Care. Oh ſtay, my dear Aunt, ſtay, 'tis not near day yet, we have many minutes of joy to come ere that approach.— She's gone,— I heard her Chamber door open,— wou'd I cou'd find it,— my Uncle's not at home, and I'l go to her there.— Who's this? one with lights?

Enter Lady *with a light, and in a Night Gown.*

La. Is the Devil in you, that you make ſuch a noiſe at this hour.

Care. Wou'd it not make a man diſtracted to be ſo ſoon left by ſo ſweet, ſo dear a Creature?— Come let's retire again.—

La. Sure you are mad to deſire it, 'twill ruin us both.

Care. I'l warrant you: my charming obliging Aunt!—

Enter Cloſet.

Cloſ. Oh Madam, don't you hear ſome body knock at the door? on my conſcience 'tis Sir *Oliver*, by the authority of clamour he makes there.

La. I hope not.

Care. E'gad and ſo do I, I hope 'tis that Rogue *Watt*, having forgot I have turn'd him away, and is drunk. Come,— let's retire again, can we be ſenſible of any thing but joy?

La. Hark ye, *Cloſet*,— go.— [*Whiſpers.*

Cloſ. It ſhall be ſo. [*Ex.* Cloſet.

Care. That was kind, and well thought on, to give her inſtructions what to do.

La.

La. You cannot gueſs at what I ſaid.

Care. Why, to tell my Uncle, that—— you are not well,— and deſire him to lye by himſelf to night, or——

La. Thou art ſo lewd a fellow, thou canſt not think one ſober thought of me, which makes me now repent the favors I have done thee: be gone, and ſee my face no more.——

Care. How unreaſonable is a woman when her own turn's ſerv'd!—— Hark ye, dear Aunt.——

La. Approach me not; if thou doſt, I'l raiſe the houſe.

Care. Unmerciful creature! do not provoke my love, which is ſo high, 'tis arriv'd almoſt to rage, do not; you know not what 'twill make me do, for now you are in my power, have a care,— I ſay, have a care.——

Enter Sir Oliver *at the door, with* Watt *and* Saveall.

La. Dare you do ſo baſe a thing, as to proclaim my ſhameful kindneſs? perjur'd man!

Care. Why do you provoke me then, do you think to kindle a fire in my heart, and let it burn out alone?
No, I am reſolv'd it ſhall be laid.— Come, come, by all that's good, dear Aunt, I love you; and love you ten times more ſince you were kind, then before, and I think the Devil's in you if you deſire a man ſhou'd do more.

La. I am undone.

Care. Alas, that ever you were kind.— How prettily this penitence becomes you. Come, now a tear or two, and then— thou wilt be fit to be undone again.

Enter Sir Oliver, *and the reſt.*

Sir *Oliv.* Oh Monſter, Villain, Raſcal, what doſt thou merit for this baſeneſs, but death immediately from my hand?—— And thou falſe woman, that haſt thus betray'd me.——

Care. What Devil ſent him hither?

La. Pray hear me, Sir.

Sir. *Oliv.* Can I hear more to convince me thou art falſe, or I unhappy,—— then what I've heard already?

La. I was not ſo unreaſonable when Mrs. *Sulleware* and you were kind.

Sir *Oliv.* And did you, perfidious woman, pardon me that, to be reveng'd on me this way.

La. Miſtake me not, nor wrong me: I have only ſhow'd you what ſome wou'd have done.— Sir, 'twas my deſign, to let you ſee this extravagance of your Nephew.

Care. O witty, dear Devil, how I love thee for thy rare quality —of diſſembling.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh, ſhe's the falſeſt woman.—— [*To* Saveall.

La. Mr. *Saveall*, you have ever been moſt obliging, pray perſwade Sir *Oliver* to retire into my Chamber, and hear with patience what I have to ſay to him, he ſhall find there the cauſe of this miſtake.

Save. I'l do my beſt to ſerve you, Madam.

Sir *Oliv.* And doſt thou think ever to reconcile me? ——

Save. 'Twill not be the part of a judicious man to condemn before the cauſe be heard, good Sir *Oliver*, as I take it, let me intreat that juſtice from you.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, Madam, I will hear you, tho no falſe tale thou canſt deviſe, ſhall perſwade me againſt my ſenſes. But, Sirrah, for your part--- get you out of my doors, I'l ſee thee ſtarve and beg, for an ungrateful reprobate, as thou art.——

La. Indeed you muſt not put him out of doors.

Sir *Oliv.* How! dare you take his part?

La. Yes, I dare and will juſtifie it, nor ſhall you give him a word or look, that declares anger, you ſhall not, Sir, 'till you have heard me, and then take your courſe.

Care. Kind ſoul! I cou'd kiſs her all over for this. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Oliv.* You're very confident, but I'l forbear, till I've heard you, tho thou canſt ſay nothing to make me think thou'rt innocent.

La. Go,—— go to bed again, *George*, and ſleep, without fear of any thing, all ſhall be well again. [*Ex. Sir* Oliv. *and all but* Care.

Care. Sweet dear charming gilt, how I love thee! now will ſhe manage my Uncle ſo, that 'tis ten to one but I ſhall be rewarded for my nights work to morrow: but Lord, how ſhe thought to terrifie me, with chiding me, and repenting her kindneſs to me. Now—— go to bed, *George*, ha, ha, ha.——

Well go thy ways; I know thy Plots will hit:
There's nothing like a womans ſudden wit. [*Ex.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

Act Fifth.

Scene, *The* Lord's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lord *and* Page.

Lor. TO ſpeak with me?

Page. Yes, my Lord.

Lor. Bring em in.

[*Ex.* Page, *returns with* Tom. Saleware *and* Alice.

Ali. Pray, *Thomas*, attend at a diſtance.

Tom. Face about, *Tom. Saleware*, —— and March forwards; that I learnt at *Finsbury* Muſter. [Ali. *weeps.*

Lor. How now, in tears, why is that lovely face where all my ſouls delight dwells, thus ſtrangly dreſt in ſorrow?

Ali. Alas, my dear Lord. ——

Lor. Who is't dares injure thee? I know thy Husband is better manner'd, than to offend thee; and any other cannot eſcape with life.—— Come name the cauſe.

Ali. There is a man has Injur'd me; but one below you, my dear Lord, to take notice of, your ſervant *Bellamy* may do't. Do you believe him honeſt, my dear Lord?

Lor. Moſt perfectly ſo, if I have any judgment.

Ali. I know, my dear Lord, you ever eſteem'd him ſo: but, ——if your Lordſhip had a Jewel, or any other thing, you valu'd and wou'd reſerve for your own wearing, wou'd you let him enjoy it too?

Lor. I know not any thing I ſhou'd refuſe him the uſe of: except, thy dear ſelf, where I can brook no Rivals.

Ali. Yet he, my Lord, has wickedly attempted me, and in that has wrong'd your Honour, and your truſt.

Lor. You ſurprize me!

Ali. My Lord, 'tis truth.

Lor. It cannot be. I know he durſt not do't.

Ali. Muſt I not then find credit?

Lor. Give me ſome circumſtances, but to prove it.

Ali.

Ali. Tho if I had ſaid it only, 'twere ſufficient: yet you ſhall have circumſtances. *Thomas*, —come hither *Thomas*. Pray tell his Lordſhip, what you heard and ſaw, laſt night between Mr. *Bellamy*, and I.

Tom. Why may't pleaſe your Lordſhip, my *Ali.* was abroad all the afternoon yeſterday, as ſhe often is, may't pleaſe your Lordſhip, and may as often be again, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Lor. 'Tis well,——forward.

Tom. Well, out ſhe was, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, it grew late, and no *Ali.* came, it grew later and no *Ali.* came yet, ſo that Ie'en concluded ſhe wou'd ſtay all night, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, as ſhe has done many a night, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Lor. Prethee proceed.

Tom. I ſhall, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip. It being late, an't like your Lordſhip, as I ſaid before, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I had word brought me, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, that my *Ali.* was to lye with a Friend, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, at a certain houſe in *Drury Lane*, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip; well, I went, and becauſe I hate to be tedious, or hold your Lordſhip in a long tale, I will only ſay, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I went thither, as I ſaid, and found my *Ali.* juſt undreſt for Bed, Mr. *Bellamy*, ready to go into Bed to her.

Lor. It cannot be!

Tom. Be? why Ile juſtifie it, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Lor. Then your Wife's guilty too; how came ſhe thither?

Ali. I hope you will not think ſo ill of me, my dear Lord, alas, I was betray'd, the cunning Villain told me your Lordſhip was to be there, and deſir'd my company; when I came and found you not, he bid me undreſs me, and get me to bed, and you, my dear Lord, wou'd come to me. At laſt I finding 'twas but a Cheat, and not knowing how to get away, writ a Note to my Husband, to come and relieve me.

Lor. Is't poſſible a man that weeps, and bluſhes, ſhou'd be ſuch an one?

Tom. I vow to Gad, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I fancy'd all the while they had but play'd the wag, to make me jealous; and *Ali.* (ah, the little cunning Gipſie) knowing I was peeping at the door, Cry'd come to bed, Mr. *Bellamy*, make haſt and undreſs you, Mr. *Bellamy*.

Ali.

Ali. Peace, Fool,——he'll ſpoil all.—— [*Aſide.*

Tom. Mum.——

Lor. I do not like this. Where's the Letter?

Tom. Here, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.——

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Ali. The Devil take you for giving him the Letter. You ſaid you had loſt it.

Tom. I thought ſo Friend; but I found it ſince.

Ali. Thou'dſt better have ſwallow'd it full of *Opium.*

Tom. I wou'd I had ſo too, for me, rather than have offended thee.

Lor. Reads. Mr. Saleware, *If you wou'd not be a worſe Cuckold than you are, come away to the Joyners in* Drury Lane, *it being a convenient Bawdy-houſe, and you will find your Wife there, ready to add to your Horns.* Yours,

Spywell.

——What means this? 'tis *Bellamy*'s own hand.

Ali. How ſhall I come off now?——Why does not your Lordſhip ſee how excellent I am at counterfeiting hands? I fain'd Mr. *Bellamy*'s Character, a purpoſe: It's not well.

Lor. This Woman's, falſe, I ſee't.——Who waits?

Enter Page.

——Where's *Bellamy.*

Page. He has not been at home to night, my Lord.

Ali. I hope your Lordſhip will believe me now; but I was told he pay'd his viſit to my Lady *Thrivewell*, this morning.

Lor. He is to receive money there for me, pray Heaven he be true, I ſcarce dare truſt him. Tho I cannot believe what this falſe Woman ſays. Get my Coach ready, Ile go to Sir *Olivers*, my ſelf.

Ali. I can tell you another circumſtance of his diſhoneſty too.

Lor. What is't?

Ali. He loves, and is belov'd, (I mean diſhoneſtly) by my Lady *Thrivewell*; and this he told me himſelf boaſtingly, that I might yeild the ſooner.

Lor. Dare you juſtifie this?

Ali. Yes indeed, dare I to their faces.

Lor. And ſo you ſhall.——Mr. *Saveall*, your ſervant.

[*Enter* Save.

Enter

Save. Mr. *Bellamy*, my Lord, is telling out the hundred pound at Sir *Olivers*, for you; but my Lord, there is a little difference in Sir *Olivers* Family, that my Lady desires your Lordship to compose, if possible.

Lo. With all my heart. My Coach:—— You must along, Mrs. *Saleware.* { *Exit* Lord, *leading* Mrs. Saleware, { Tom. *and* Saveall, *follow.*

SCENE Changes

To Sir Olivers *House.*

Enter Sir Oliver, *Lady* Thrivewell, Careless, Phebe, Closett, *and* Wat.

Sir *Ol.* No, Villain, Ile have no more to do with thee. Ile leave thee to thy own shame and poverty.

Care. It may be so.

Sir *Ol.* All that's thine, Ile turn out after thee; your *Phebe*, too, your virtuous Mistris, take her, and be gone.

Care. I thank you for nothing, this was a moveable that belong'd to me, before your virtuous Wife lay'd us together.—— Who the Devil wou'd have imagin'd, she shou'd have Gilted me so? a young handsome proper fellow as I am to?

Sir *Ol.* Sirrah, sirrah, have a care what you say of my Wife for I shall lay you fast enough else.

Care. Is this—— your witness, Sir; this pretious villain? [*Points to* Watt.

Watt. No villain neither, Sir, since I have not betray'd my Master, for you turn'd me off basely.

Care. Here's another of your Engins, this old *Deceptio visus*, that put me to Bed to the wrong Woman.

Clo. Alas, good Gentleman,——ha, ha, ha.

Care. But if, Mr. *Bellamy*, had been the Man, I suppose, Madam, you wou'd have kept your word; and old Mother Damnable, wou'd have brought the right party.

Sir *Ol.* What means he?

La. Fie, *George*, you'll be asham'd of this anon?

Care. Faith, I shall not, and since you have betray'd me, I'll ruin

ruine you; therefore hear me, Oh thou credulous Knight, what I've to say unto thee.——

La. What canst thou say, good *George*, to my prejudice? Hold yet, whilst thy credit may be saved.

Care. Not I, it shall out, unless you bribe me.

La. Not a farthing,— and see who'l have the worst on't.

Sir *Oliv.* What would the Villain say to thy dishonour?

Care. That, which if you are no contented Cuckold, will make you mad, Sir, it will: — you think I have done so lewd a thing in courting her,— but there's that smooth-fac'd young fellow, *Bellamy*, has courted her, and all the rest—I can assure you.

Sir *Oliv.* Mr. *Bellamy*! it cannot be.

Care. But it can, Sir; there's her procurer, *old dark Lanthorn* can tell you more.

Clos. Who I? oh Lord!

Care. Oh, she was chamber'd up with him at least two hours, a fair time,--- under pretence of borrowing money; but you may guess his farther bus'ness, if you have any sense.

Sir *Oliv.* I'l not believe this, Sir; 'tis malice.

Care. 'Tis fit you shou'd see't done, indeed, and great pity you did not.

Sir *Oliv.* Oh, Mr. *Saveall*, if this be true, where's all my Reputation?——

Care. And for that Rascal, *Watt*, there, I'l give you an account of him, which yet you never had: have you forgot, how we rescu'd you on *Hounslow-heath*, when you believ'd your self set on by Thieves?

Sir *Oliv.* No, I have not forgot it; wou'd I had lost my Money nay a Limb, rather than have been by thee preserv'd.——

Care. That project, Sir, was his, to get me into your favour again; the Robbers, as you thought 'em, were his acquaintance, Rogues of his managing, but to say truth, we meant no hurt, only I was forc'd, to colour the bus'ness, to give him a cut over the Pate, wou'd 't had kill'd him.——

Sir *Oliv.* Was't his Plot? I am glad to find him a fellow of that ingenuity: I love him for't.

Care. Do you? then pray take notice, 'twas my own Plot, mine, Sir, to get my self into your favour.

Watt. Truly, Sir, my Master's in the right, 'twas his Plot.

Sir *Oliv.* 'Twas witty whose soe're 'twas, and I like it well,

wou'd all the reſt of the Actions of your life were as well.

Care. Well, Sir, now you know my mind, and I'l take my leave; farewel, Nuncle. Come away, *Phebe*, I have been an unkind Dog to thee, that's truth: but come, I'l e'en make thee amends, and marry thee, and having no better way to live, e'en ſell *Coffee* with thee.— Come away.—— [*Offers to go.*

La. Pray call him back, to let him go in this condition will undo him, and I deſire to be clear'd too, before he goes of, the aſperſion he has laid on me.

Sir *Oliv.* Yes, Sir, you ſhall ſtay, and anſwer it before Authority.

Care. Why, Sir, if you have a mind to have your houſe thought a Bawdy-houſe, I can ſtay, and prove it.

Enter Cloſet.

Cloſ. Mrs. *Croſtil* is come to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Enter Mrs. Croſtil, *and a little after* Clare. *dreſt.*

La. This is a great favour, Madam. Sir *Oliver*, pray entertain Mrs. *Croſtil* a little.— [La. *goes to Mrs.* Clare *aſide.*

Mrs. *Cr.* Methinks you all look diſorder'd, I hope, Sir *Oliver*, you and your Nephew have a good underſtanding.

Sir *Oliv.* No, Madam, nor do I deſire to have any with ſuch a Villain.

Mrs. *Cr.* How, Sir? nay, if you rail at him 'twill make me love him.

Sir *Oliv.* Then you are wretched.

Mrs. *Cr.* Nay, then I'm reſolv'd to love him.—— Pray what's ſhe he makes ſuch love to?

Sir *Oliv.* A common wench, that's with child by him; ſhe pleads a Contract with him, and he'l marry her.

Mrs. *Cr.* Still you raiſe my flame to a greater height.—Mr. *Careleſs*, pray let me ſpeak with you.

Care. Who mean you, Madam,— me? I'm not at leiſure now.

Mrs. *Cr.* What the Duce was I made of, that his contempt of me increaſes my fire. Sir, I muſt needs ſpeak with you.

Care. What have you to ſay? Widow, you are come too late, Widow.

Mrs. *Cr.* Pray walk a little this way,—— I muſt ſpeak to you alone. [*They go aſide.*

La.

La. Pray keep your ſelf conceal'd, my Lord will be here preſently, and ſhall do you reaſon; he has mortgag'd a great part of his Eſtate to Sir *Oliver*, and the Forfeiture's out, and he ſhall be juſt to you, or we'l undo him.— Sir *Oliver*, pray whatever reaſon you have to be diſpleas'd with your Nephew your ſelf, do not ruin his fortune with the widow.—— [*To* Clara. [*Aſide to Sir* Oliv.

Care. Tempt me not, widow, to your own ruin, if I ſhou'd be ſo unlucky as to marry you, you are certainly undone, for I am one you cannot live with above a fortnight, you are fine limb'd and delicate, and I ſhall ſpoil you.—— Here's one that knows my ſtrength, and will hold me tack.—

Mrs. *Cr.* I know not what you mean.

Care. Nor prithee never try,—— I adviſe you in time, widow, this wench here is only fit for me.

Care. Is my profer'd paſſion ſcorn'd? ——

Care. Faith no, widow, but I ſhall never merit you: — beſides, I am ingag'd, widow.

Mrs. *Cr.* To that woman?——

Care. Yes, to that woman; what exceptions have you to her?

Mrs. *Cr.* Why ſhe's a wench, a common proſtitute.

Care. Hark ye, have a care what you ſay (I adviſe you) before witneſs, do not abuſe a woman I deſign to make a wife of, leſt I hamper your Eſtate, widow.

Mrs. *Cr.* She ſhall not be your wife, no woman but I ſhall marry you.

Care. Have a care what you ſay before witneſs again, widow.

Mrs. *Cr.* Call all to hear me, Sir *Oliver*, and the reſt be witneſs I give my ſelf to this Gentleman.——

Care. Here's one forbids the Banes, widow. [*To* Phebe.

Mrs. *Cr.* You ſhall compound with her.

Care. But what ſaid King *Harry*? Conſcience,— conſcience, widow.

Mrs. *Cr.* No matter, Sir, give me your hand, beer witneſs all, I plight my Faith to this Gentleman.

Sir *Oliv.* Then you are ruin'd.

Mrs. *Cr.* Sir, 'tis too late to adviſe, I am reſolv'd.

Care. Have I caught you, widow,— hah, ha,— Farewel, Nuncle.— And yet— Conſcience pulls me back.— Beſides, widow, the woman is not ſatisfi'd.

Mrs. *Cr.* I'l give her three hundred pound.

Phe. The woman is not such a fool to take it.

Watt. But the woman shall be so wise to take it, for what ever you all think, I do not love my Master so ill, to spoil his Fortune. And, Sir, truth is, I have receiv'd— some favors,— as they say, from Mrs. *Phebe*, as well as you, that is, she has been kind, Sir.

Care. I thought so.

Watt. And I'm content to marry and make her honest, if she can get any addition to this Lady's bounty, to make her any fortune.

La. That was well said, *Watt*, and I'l promise the other hundred, in lieu of that I had in Wares of her Kinswoman, with your permission, Sir *Oliver*.

Sir *Oliv.* With all my heart.

La. Watt, go for the Parson then, we'l have 'em married presently. [*Ex.* Watt.

Enter Lord, Tom Saleware, *and* Ali.

Lor. Madam, in obedience to your commands, I am come to wait on you.

La. You have honor'd me, my Lord, tho our difference is almost at an end, yet I have something to deliver to your Lordship in private.

Lor. Madam, I have also a question to ask you in private too.

La. I shall be glad of any occasion to serve your Lordship.

Lor. Madam, will you withdraw a little? only this Gentlewoman may be witness of what I have to ask you.

La. I fancy what 'tis already, and must intreat your Lordship to speak it out, what e're it be.

Lor. 'Twou'd not be for your Honor, Madam.

La. I am not of your opinion, my Lord, and that I may let you see I am not, I'l speak it for you: You come to ask me, and this woman, to accuse me with dishonourable Love to a servant of yours, *Bellamy* I mean, is't not so?

Lor. Madam, it is.

La. This pleases me, indeed she has reveng'd her self handsomely; I have a Kinsman here of that opinion.

Care. But, Madam, I recant, 'twas in the days of my debauch and brutality, I am reform'd now by your vertues only,— and humbly beg your pardon.

Lor.

Lor. Madam, is not *Bellamy*, here?

La. He will be preſently, my Lord, but now your Lordſhip, has queſtion'd me, I hope I may have the ſame freedom with you?

Lor. Madam, you may command me any thing.

La. Pray where's my Siſter *Clara*?

Lor. Is that a queſtion for me to anſwer, Madam?

La. Yes, and which in Honour you are bound to anſwer: Did you not betray her to ſhame and infamy, and rob'd her of her Virgin purity?

Lor. I did not raviſh her, Madam.

La. I do not ſay you did. But you had Flattery which did much more than force; I ask not her Honour back, but her life, and ſelf, for we have never heard of her ſince that fatal Treachery of yours, and 'tis of you that I demand her.

Lor. You, cannot ſure compel me to return her, if I cou'd?

Care. But ſhe ſhall, Sir, and I will be her Champion.

Lor. Her loſs, Madam, is a greater Grief to me, than 'tis to you; — but for you, Sir, I ſhall find a time to try your proweſs.

Clar. But you ſhall not, Sir. Ile end the controverſie.

Lor. I am amaz'd, —— *Clara*, —— and my *Bellamy*'s the ſame.

Cla. Yes, your *Bellamy*, is the wrong'd *Clara*. — Do you not bluſh, to ſee me? —— I'm come to claim your vows, ſo often ſworn, and ſo long broken. ——

Care. So, I was like to have made fine work.

Ali. Bleſs me! *Bellamy*, a Woman?

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word, I hope.

Enter Watt.

Watt. Sir, the Parſon's come.

Care. Come, Widow, dare you ſign, ſeal, and deliver?

Mrs. *Cr.* With all my heart, Sir.

[*Ex.* Careleſs, Widow, Watt, *and* Phebe.

Clare. Being by you undone, and made unfit to look abroad with Honour, and more unfit to live, but in the preſence of you whom I ador'd, I did aſſume that *Maſculine* habit, to let you ſee that I had rather live but by your ſight alone, than be my ſelf in any other part o'th' world; and by your ſight alone, cou'd better contain my ſelf, than ſhe, the Miſtris whom you ſo admir'd could, with the dear poſſeſſion of you.

Lor.

Lor. You melt my ſoul.—— Pray let me make new vows to you, or well confirm the old.—— [*Go aſide.*

Ali. Well, I am abſolutely loſt and undon in my Lords favor.

Tom. Never the ſooner for a haſty word. Come, come, I do ſuſpect this is all but a plot to make me jealous.

La. Wou'd you not be laught at now, ſweet Mrs. *Saleware*?

Tom. No, indeed, Madam; nor ſhall ſhe be by the proudeſt ſhe that wears a head; or if ſhe be, it will not make me jealous: *Sapientia mea mihi*, is my *Motto* ſtill.

La. Yet I confeſs, this young *Bellamy*, and I have been bed-fellows ſome years ſince. Come be not out of countenance, I will not tell what my Husband did with you laſt term.

Tom. Nor ſhall you make me jealous, Madam, what'ere they did. Efacks not I, ſweet *Ali.*

Lor. Can you forgive what's paſt, and take a penitent man to your mercy?

La. My Lord, if you'll repair my Siſters honour, Sir *Oliver*, ſhall give you in your Mortgage?

Lor. 'Tis all I wiſh on Earth to do ſo, Madam.

Sir *Ol.* Then, Sir, Ile reſtore your writings, and by it make her as good a Fortune as the Widow, and there's within a Parſon ſhall end the differrence.

Lor. It ſhall be done, Sir *Oliver.*

——For you, Mrs. *Saleware*, go home, look to your Shop, and pleaſe your Husband; for from this day, Ile never ſee you more.

Ali. I ſee all things are tranſitory,——and will turn Honeſt, and *Thomas*, you ſhall have no more fears of jealouſie.

Tom. A Pox of jealouſie, I wiſh that were the worſt grievance in the Nation, the jealouſie that troubles my Noddle. No, no; *Sapientia*, &c. is my *Motto.*

Enter Careleſs, Croſtill, Watt, *and* Phebe.

La. See, they are already Married.

Tom. What, my Cozin *Phebe Gimcrack*, too.——and 'efack, Ile take a friſk for joy. *Watt* get ſome Muſick.

Mrs. *Cr.* You ſhall not need, Sir, I have 'em at hand.

Care. Well, Uncle, I hope we ſhall now be Friends, and according

according as I behave my ſelf, let me have your favour, —— you muſt all Dine with me to day; and at night, Widow —— Ile ſay no more. ——

Sir *Ol.* Well, Sir, as I ſhall ſee how you behave your ſelf, I ſhall prove my ſelf a loving Uncle.

Care. I will be your Heir yet, in ſpight of ill Luck, and all my damn'd Debaucheries, which now farewell to. ——

Lor. See, the Muſick's here indeed, we'll lead the Bride a Dance, and then they ſhall do as much for us, *Clara.*

They Dance all.

Lor. *Now,* Clare, *that you and I may happy prove,*
The Prieſt within ſhall conſummate our Love. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by *TOM. SALEWARE.*

TO M. face about, *with harmeleſs Rallery,*
Inſtruct the Salewares of the middle Gallery.
Dear Friends, go home and look un:o your Wives,
Bid 'em keep in and mend their gadding lives;
They all have got a trick to ſee a Lord,
—Yet ne'er the ſooner for a haſty word.
I mean no harm, for there are Wives that do
Keep open Shop, and trade as well as you;
Deal by retail, and are to Husbands aiding,
And oftentimes, have much the better Trading.
When time and place are fit, I'll name you ſome
Who keep a Journy-man, or two at home.
I'll ſay no more; truth ſometimes hatred draws:
——Yet
I'll not be daſht, nor baſht, in a good Cauſe.
I am a Glaſs in which you all may view,
What ſtrange good Natur'd things are moſt of you.
Tho you'll believe no Man i'th' way of Trade,
Yet what believing Fools, by Wives you're made?
Three years you're marry'd, and have ne'r a Son,
Your Wives make viſits, and the Job is don,
She ſmiles to ſee you Rock and Sing, by, by,
And think 'tis Yours; ah,——Stultitia tua tibi.
And of your Wives a Pattern ſee in Aly,
When Trading's dead, they all will ſtrike a Tally;
Yet my dear Friends, be not at this dejected,
Carry't as I do, fair, and ſtand Corrected:
Act not a Henrick, *or a jealous* Diego,
'Tis ſafer much, to be an Aſſenego.
Then let my Wife go viſit Knight, or Lord;
Or they come to her, I do not care one——hum,——
Sapientia mea mihi, is my word.

Written by *Mr.* E. R.